THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXIV.—No. 1612

NOVEMBER 6, 1934

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY RACING
GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

1/-

"THEIR NATIVE HEATH": THE SAVOY GRILL

Shooting Parties of To-day — By Mirón

JJ John Jameson WHISKEY

Ask for John Jameson Three Star—not just a whiskey and soda. J.J. takes care of your health—it's old and it's soft and mature. There isn't a drop in the bottle a day less than seven years old.

Drambuie

THE LIQUEUR OF OLD ROMANCE

Made in the Isle of Skye since 1745 from the original recipe of Bonnie Prince Charlie's retainers, and still held as precious and rare as in the old days of the Prince. At all public and private functions, a small Drambuie completes and rounds off a well-served repast

Obtainable at all first-class Hotels and Restaurants.

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. LTD.,
9, Union Street - - - - Edinburgh

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.

TO FINISH A PERFECT DAY
CALL FOR
McCallum's
THE PERFECT WHISKY.
A MELLOW AND FRIENDLY SPIRIT

THE SPIRIT OF A GREAT RACE
"LONG JOHN"
FINEST OF ALL
SCOTCH WHISKIES
MATURED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
LONG JOHN DISTILLERIES LTD
GLASGOW & LONDON

CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY
Judge and enjoy 1926 Vintage

Introducing 1926 VINTAGE - as excellent as the 1923

GRANT'S
...OF RARE MELLOWNESS!
SCOTCH WHISKY

WINTER LOSES ITS STING AT TURNBERRY HOTEL

ON THE AYRSHIRE COAST

At Turnberry you play your golf by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. A marvellous hotel offering every refinement of hospitality—excellent cuisine; a magnificent indoor swimming-pool; dancing. Splendid arrangements for Christmas and New Year.

Special winter terms—from 21/- per day (Christmas and New Year period—from 25/-).

Express Services by L M S from all parts. Penny-a-mile "Summer Return Tickets."

ARTHUR TOWLE
CONTROLLER, LMS HOTEL SERVICES

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Berlin.

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be Addressed to:

PARIS OFFICE: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées. *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE: Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

TANGIER

"THE NEAREST EAST."

NEVER TOO HOT—NEVER TOO COLD.

SPEND XMAS IN SUNNY TANGIER

ALL INFORMATION:—
OFFICIAL TOURIST OFFICE, TANGIER.

Mothersills

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

STOPS TRAVEL SICKNESS *by* SEA, AIR *and* TRAIN

TWENTY YEARS AGO

the flower of English manhood was dying in Flanders fields. More than a million were to die before Peace came in 1918.

The British Legion exists to-day to honour their memory by helping those of their comrades who survived only to suffer totally undeserved hardships and privations.

The Legion's work for ex-service men includes—relieving distress—workshops and homes for disabled—finding employment—sanatorium for tuberculous—care of war orphans—pensions for prematurely aged—assistance for blind, etc.

PLEASE HELP THE LEGION TO HELP
by paying generously for your Poppy on

POPPY DAY
NOV. 10th.

and, if you are able, by sending a donation to Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., HAIG'S FUND, 23, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)

TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30.

Lew Leslie's BLACKBIRDS OF 1934

A HARLEM RHAPSODY.

HOTELS

SUNSHINE CALLING

It's just like glorious summer in the long sun-lounge of the Royal Victoria. In this sunny spot, sheltered from cold winds and chills, recovery from illness and fatigue comes quickly. Make the Royal Victoria your winter home. Private suites of 2 to 5 rooms. All rooms with Hot and Cold water. Special menus. Lift. Garage. Central and electric heating. 4½ gns. weekly.

Historic ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

MARINA, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *Tel.: Hastings 869.*

CADOGAN HOTEL

SLOANE STREET LONDON

Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms.

Telephone: Sloane 7141. *Telegrams: 'Nagodac, Knights, London.'*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Majorca.—Formentor Hotel.—Full pension from 15/- daily. The Honolulu of the Mediterranee. Patronized by Royalty.

Mallorca, English Guesthouse.—All sports. M. Scott, 90 Cuesta Bonanova, Palma, Baleares, España.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Le Zoute Knocke: The Golf Hotel—"Always Open." Inclusive winter terms 10/-.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licnsd., with H. & C. running water. Central. 3 Gns. to end of June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

Jersey.—Woodville Hotel.—Recently mod. H. & C. running water. Elec. light. Special after Season Terms now available. Res. prop.

FRANCE.

Paris. Bohy-Lafayette, nr. Opera. Sq. Montholon—Com. of de luxe hotl. lowest rates. Apply for illus. tariff to J. Bohy, Mng. Dir.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best Hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Miramar.—
300 rooms all with bath.
The Leading Hotel of the Riviera.

Juan-les-Pins.—"Les Ambassadeurs."—Open 1932; facing beach and casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

Menton.—Hotel Royal & Westminster—on Sea Front with gdn. 1st cl. 100 yds. fr. New Casino. Quotations in sterl. on demand.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Monte Carlo.—Royal Hotel.—All comforts. Full South; garden overlooking sea; renowned cuisine. Pension from Frs. 55.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Versailles.—"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st class installation. Moderate terms.

ITALY.

Rome.—Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.—Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comft. Very special reduced rates.

Rome.—Hotel Victoria.—Sunny location opp. Borghese Gardens. Remodernized 1934. Pension Lit. 38. Special rates for long stays.

Albissola Marina Savona—(Italian Riviera)—**Hotel Milano.**—Cen. heating. Run. water, warm & cold in all rms. Full wkly. Pens. £2.0.0

Capri.—Where Winter is Spring.—**Quisisana Grand Hotel.**—The Best on the Sea. G. Izzo, Managing Proprietor.

Lavagna—(Italian Riviera)—**Hotel Nazionale**—On the sea. Cen. heat. Cold and warm run. water in all rms. Good cuisine. Pens. Lire 20.

Rapallo-Genoa—Hotel Riviera Splendida—Pension-Restaurant, Open the whole year. Moderate terms. Possessor Cav. A. Bottinelli.

Sestri Levante (Italian Riviera).—**Hotel Nettuno.**—Extraordinary position on the Sea. All comforts. Pension, Lire 23.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond.—First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Lausanne—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. First-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £5 . 0 . 0.

Les Avants S/Montreux 3281 ft.—**Hotel de Jaman Bellevue**—1st cl. fam. hotl.; renvatd., run. water. Winter sports. Incl. terms fr. 12s.

The Bystander, November 6, 1934

No. 1612. Vol. CXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

KATHARINE HEPBURN AS BARRIE'S LADY BABBIE

Sir James Barrie's famous novel, "The Little Minister," is the latest English classic to be transformed by Hollywood into a film; it is being screened in the R.K.O.-Radio studios, with Richard Wallace as director. Katharine Hepburn is an obvious heroine for a film of this kind, not only because she's a fine actress, but because she is so completely un-Hollywood in type. So she has been chosen to play Lady Babbie, and opposite her is John Beal as Gavin Dishart. "Spitfire," Katharine Hepburn's last film, was generally released last week

Romance Below-Stairs

Bobbie Howes and Binnie Hale In "Yes, Madam?"

Binnie Hale's been left a fortune—if she takes a job as a maid. Bobby Howes has been left a fortune too—if he takes a job as a chauffeur-valet. So of course they both do, and that's how they meet, and the answer's a wedding. That's in "Yes, Madam?" the musical comedy with the well-turned plot that's keeping the Hippodrome audiences happy. Hale and Howes are a good team; her humour's gay and flippant and her dancing's most graceful; his humour's perplexed and bothered, and his singing's nicely sentimental

Photographs by Janet Jevons

The Paget Twins

Two Lovely Eighteen-Year-Olds

Maimaine and Celia Mary Paget are the twin daughters of the late Eric Morton Paget and the late Mrs. Paget, and nieces of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, of Ibstock Place, Roehampton, with whom they live. They were born in 1916 : their father died five years ago. They were both bridesmaids this summer to their cousin, Winifred Paget, when she married Guy Carleton

Above : ***Maimaine Paget***

Right : ***Celia Mary Paget***

Photographs by Bassano

Left: Mr. Robert Graham Binny, R.E., younger son of the late Mr. Graham Binny and Mrs. Graham Binny, and Miss Joanna Grant, eldest daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Philip and Lady Grant, of the Long House, Hurstbourne Priors, Hants, leaving St. James's, Spanish Place, after their wedding

Above: the Hon. Lady de Courcy Wheeler, Mrs. Montague Whitlock and (behind) Mrs. P. J. Bird, the organiser, at a bridge tournament in aid of All Saints' Hospital, S.E.11, held at Sunderland House

Dorothy Dickson and her wood," at the Haymarket, people of that mos

Left: Miss Crystal Herbert leaving her home at Hammersmith with her father, Mr. A. P. Herbert, before her marriage to Mr. John Sleigh Pudney, which took place last week at Chiswick Parish Church

Right: Mr. Jack Heaton and the Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth having lunch on the balcony of the Café de Paris during one of the periodic mannequin parades which are held there while the audience eats

Left: Mrs. Gwenyth Lotery mixing cocktails for the party that followed the squash match between the Jesters and her husband, Mr. Edward Lotery's team at their Highgate house. With her are Lord Bective, and Mrs. Frank Strawson, who had been one of the players

Right: Lady Alington, Lady Mary Dunn and Miss Baldwin were three more of the audience at the Café de Paris lunch-time mannequin parade

Swaebe

• LONDON by DAY...

Other People's Engagements Between Lunch and Dinner

daughter, Dorothy Hyson, who is playing in "Touch-went together to the special matinée for stage stage-y of plays, "Theatre Royal," at the Lyric

Swaebe

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth playing backgammon in their flat in Mount Street. Mrs. Huth was Lady Hindlip until her marriage about two months ago, and before that was Bridget Nickols. Harold Huth is at present working in "The Dictator," the Gaumont-British-Toeplitz film

Left: Lady Amy Biddulph and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, two of the Earl of Normanton's sisters, walking up Bond Street together

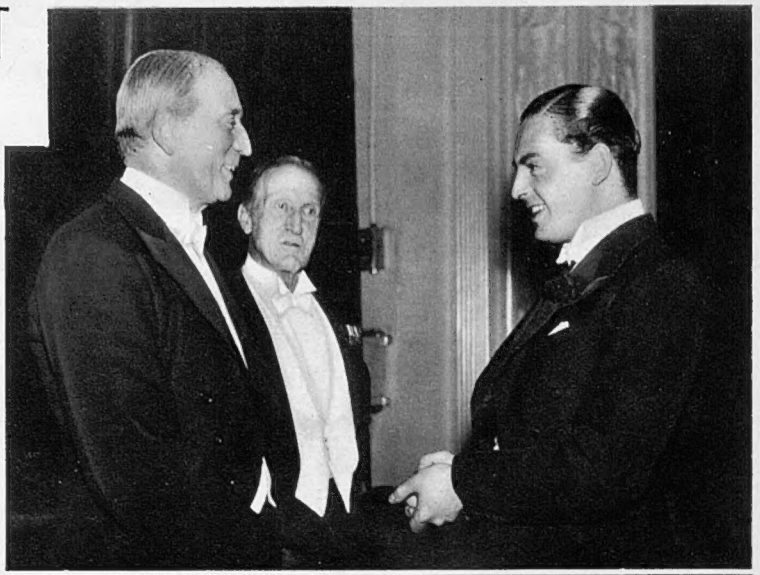
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw looking at some photographs on their way out of the Arlington Galleries, where Mr. Shaw had just opened an exhibition of "paintings in little" by the late Hon. John Collier

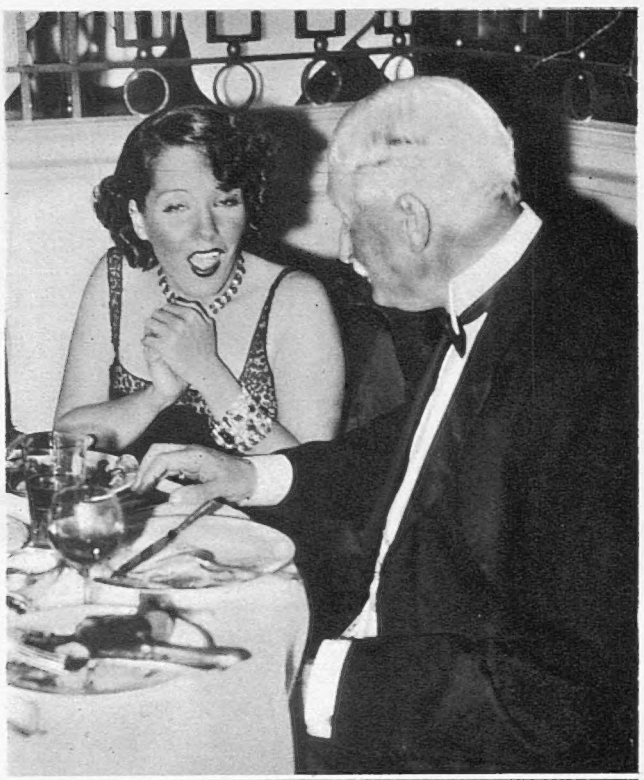
• LONDON by NIGHT

Dinner and Supper Dates

Right, above: Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, M.P. for the Tamworth Division of Warwickshire, Sir Frank Benson, whose connection with Warwickshire is through the Shakespeare Festivals at Stratford-on-Avon, and the Earl of Warwick. Right, below: R. E. S. Wyatt, the Warwickshire and England cricketer, Miss V. Fox, and Charles H. Adams, the hon. sec. of the Society

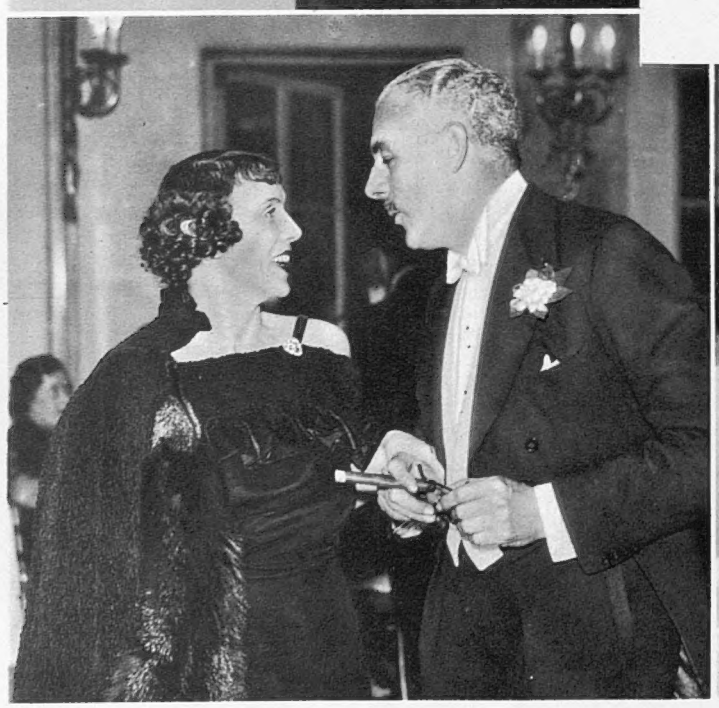
Below: Lupe Velez, the vivacious star, who is now making a film over here, talking to Lord Lurgan at the Carlton





Swaebe

The Society of Warwickshire Folk in London Hold their Annual Dinner



Tuesday Night Faces at the Carlton

Mrs. Geoffrey Noel, all in black, talking to Capt. Frank Covell, one of the Nash's Club kings, who helps to organise the weekly "do" at the Carlton

Miss Betty Homan, wearing an attractive printed dress, is eating her Tuesday-night supper at the Carlton with the Hon. William Astor, Lord Astor's eldest son

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 75. Sir John Reith

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

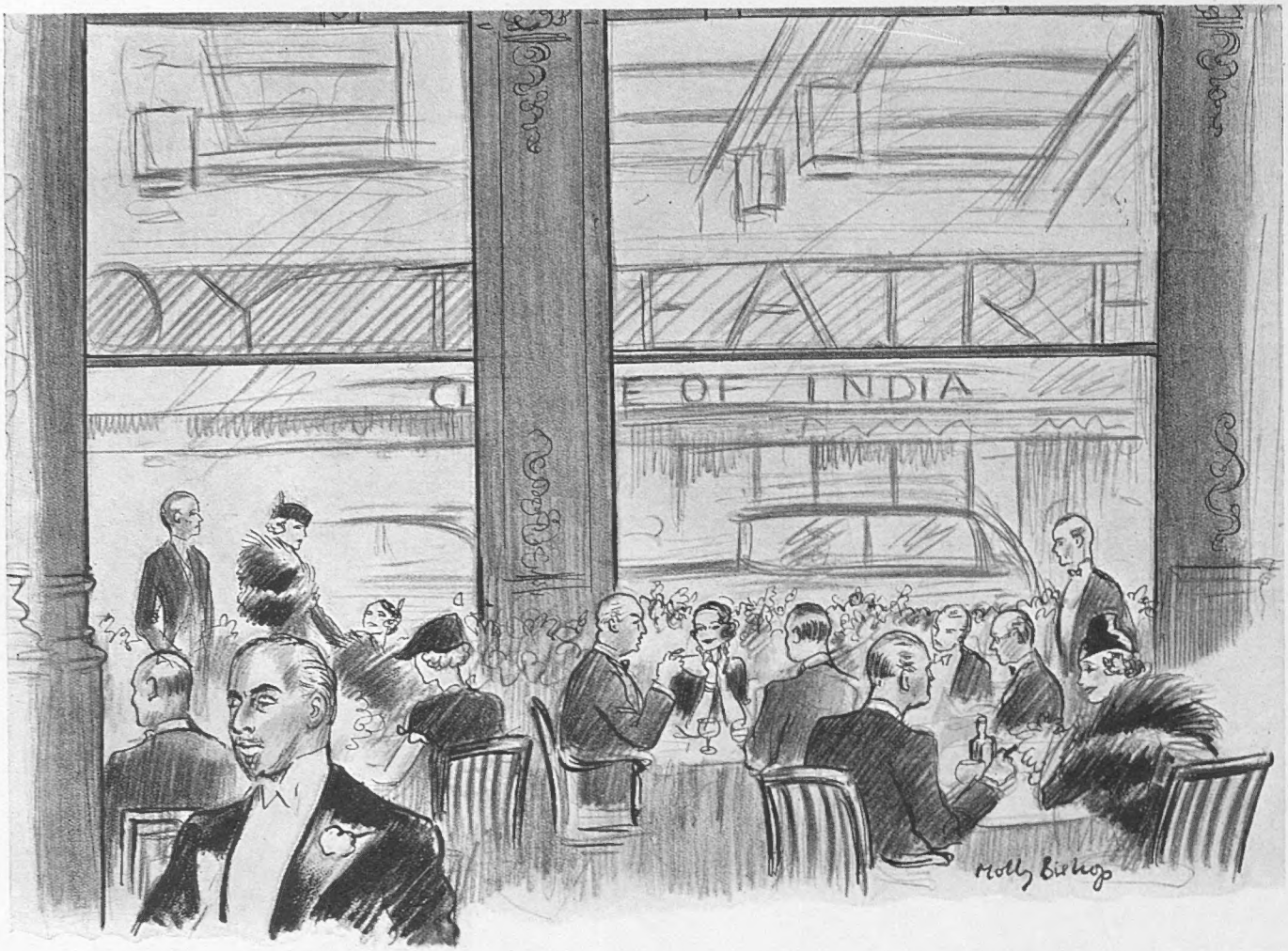
THEY say that a good big 'un is always better than a good little 'un. That should comfort Sir John Reith a lot He is six-foot-six-and-three-quarters. A strange chap, Sir John, with his beetling eyebrows, bullet-scored cheeks, and unmusical voice. At least, though, his " r's " are not intrusive. The trouble with him is that if things go smoothly he thinks they are going wrong. He feels that either his powers of penetration are failing or that he is being deliberately deceived. From his great height he is always looking down with his hypnotic eyes for the nigger in the wood-pile. These eyes of his alter admirably according to the importance of the people he is addressing, and can range from milky kindness to a penetrating wrath. His pupils seem to dilate at will. A great gift when he is giving you the works.

Although a Scot, Sir John has much of the Irish in him. Thus, he is never happy unless uncomfortable. He doesn't really like " Yes-men," but it works out that way. He is a great room-pacer, every now and then sitting down in consecutively different chairs. He is a horse for work and a master of the technique of the unexpected. He admits he is no judge of food, but thinks he can judge personality. He is full of prejudices, and his first impressions usually are his last.

HE is also a great little " I-told-you-so-er." His reputation for brusqueness is international. But this is not so much his fault as you might think. He is incorrigibly shy and has not enough protective armour to conceal his evident inferiority complex. If he knew what a big man he really is, he might unbend more. As it is, the only person who ever dared call him " Johnny " was David Sarnoff, the President of the Radio Corporation of America.

In private life he is a cider-drinking member of the Athenæum, living at Beaconsfield, and proud of his garden. He once played the villain in the B.B.C. Amateur Dramatic Society's production of *The Bishop's Candlesticks*, and looked startlingly sinister. Since he joined the B.B.C., this lanky Glaswegian has had several offers from Big Business. Previously, he was in the Ministry of Munitions, which clearly inspired the mental high-explosives in which he indulges with such care.

D



Looking across the Savoy Grill, and at the theatre opposite through the huge plate-glass windows. Sir Thomas Beecham is on the left

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and their Patrons

No. 19. Savoy Grill

By Charles Graves *Sketches by Molly Bishop*

THIS vast beige-pillared room, which looks as though it is going to have its plate-glass windows smashed every night by the glaring head-lamps of huge limousines departing from the Savoy Restaurant, is one of the cruellest in the world. Like a moth to the flame come little understudies on the night they have got the lead in the absence of the star. Two days later they are as forgotten as yesterday's newspapers. Here come newspaper-men the minute they have been made editors. And that 's a short life, too. Here come financiers on their way to Carey Street, and film stars on the skids from Hollywood.

BLESSED with Manetta, the only snub-nosed grill-room manager in existence, it daily sucks in and spews out the ladies-for-a-day, and the get-rich-quick Wallingfords, just as it did the temporary gentlemen. Every evening there are half a dozen tense dramas quietly pursuing their way. It may be Leopold Harris giving a party on the night before the verdict which sent him over the hill for fourteen long years. It may be Jeff Dickson bluffing one heavy-weight into fighting another. It may be Joe Schenck making a despairing effort to persuade Merle Oberon that it is real love and not publicity that sets his greying head in a whirl. It may be Tilly Losch the night of her divorce, or Tommy Beecham after he has given the stick to the Covent Garden audience. Here some of the biggest financial deals ever handled have been settled over the old brandy. Film corporations, whisky monopolies, chains of newspapers have changed hands with a nod and a smile.

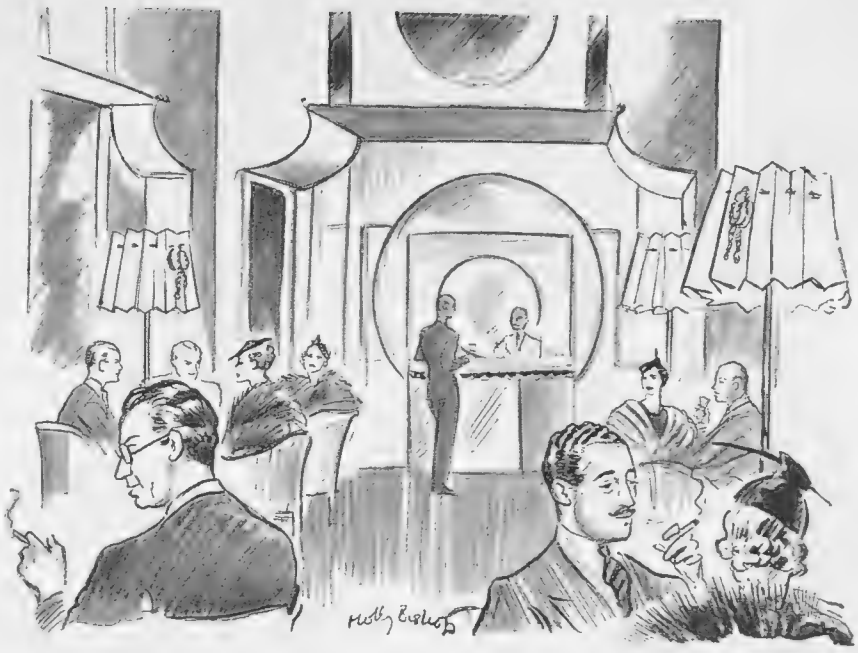
IT has more regulars than any club in Pall Mall. George Robey, who grows every night more like Hugh Walpole to look at; Sir Charles Higham, alert, smooth-shaven, silver-haired, knight of the white open spaces; Albert de Courville, who still looks like the King of Spain; Duff Cooper, with his wife; Leslie Hore-Belisha, who doesn't give a hoot for anyone; Sir Herbert Morgan, as crisp and salted as a potato-chip; Maurice Chevalier and his widening waistline; Georges Carpentier, more debonair than ever; Michael Arlen, who is going to live in Vienna (and what

Manetta, "the only snub-nosed grill-room manager in existence"

could be fairer than that?); Noel Coward, smiling a trifle; Cecil Beaton, in a delicious white satin tie; Beverley Nichols, who is so bored with all the invitations tiresome people apparently send him with such surprising regularity—I 've seen 'em all (I don't mean the invitations).

Joe Sacks no longer uses the Grill, nor does Hannen Swaffer. But Tom Webster goes there a lot, though he always brings his own cigars. St. John Hutchinson, plump, pink, and prosperous, sits with the Jowitts. What a cavalcade it is! Once a waiter was tipped a thousand dollars by a grateful business man who brought off a deal there. Fanny Ward's parakeet voice, genial Stanley Bell, self-effacing Victor Gollancz, Steve Donoghue eating kidneys, Schiaparelli and her lucky mole, Percy Jonson, the best-looking septuagenarian in the western hemisphere, are all regulars.

Golding Bright, the doyen of agents, who acts for Ruth Draper, has been coming to the Grill every Wednesday and Sunday for twenty-five years without a break. Mr. J. S. Elias arrives at two o'clock and tells the waiter to bring him some food. He does not mind what it is, as long as there is only one dish of it. Sir George Sutton dines by himself



The new and attractively decorated lounge, with Alexander Korda on the left, and Michael Arlen on the right

" Constant Lambert and his strange little Javanese wife "

night after night at eight o'clock. Alexander Korda, grey-faced, spectacled, and mild, recuperates from his film-making. " Soph-old-girl " eats very little. John Van Druten, rather pale-faced, Auriol Lee, peering amiably, Lily Elsie, almost as lovely as ever—they all come here.

If you sit near the door you will hear people saying, " Congratulate me—I am divorced," or " Congratulate me—I am getting married," or " Congratulate me—I 've got out of it." You will see a publisher and an author sitting down together, and next week you read about the best-seller which they are discussing. You see a playwright and a dramatist together, and next day you hear the play has been bought. You see a pretty girl and a solicitor, and you do not have to wait a minute to know that there is more work ahead for Lord Merivale.

It was to the Grill that Tulio Carminati came as soon as he heard of the success of *One Night of Love*. It was in the Grill that Billy Rootes and his spectacled brother dined the night the news came out of his three hundred and seven thousand pounds' deal with S.T.D. It was to the Grill that Jessica Tandy went automatically after the first night of *Line Engaged*. You will see Tchernikoff, the pianist, who is so plump that he cannot sit in an armchair. You will see Constant Lambert and his strange little Javanese wife. Some ask to sit in the gangway. Some ask for a table at the back. Some wait until the liqueurs to talk business. Others begin over the cocktails. But none of them would ever dream of going into the Savoy Restaurant, just as the patrons of the latter refuse utterly to go to the Grill. They are funny that way.

To go to the Grill is the first instinct of everyone in the theatrical world after his or her return from abroad. It is the Court Circular of the show business. Laurillard, who, George Graves says, looks exactly the same as he did when their company was in St. Petersburg in 1898; Hagan, who makes more money with his quota pictures at Twickenham than anyone else in the film game; Sidney Carroll, who was a better weather prophet last year than this; the plump little Schuberts; Alwoods and his terrific cigars—they all come and go. Arnold Bennett was such a regular that they called a haddock dish after him. Jimmy White entertained vastly. Bootleggers and bishops, bankers and gaming-house proprietors, lords and their lovely ladies—it is a real mixed grill. Why on earth doesn't Manetta write his reminiscences?

Sir Charles Higham, who has lunch every day at the same table

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Dynastic Typhoon

"Theatre Royal" (Lyric Theatre)

THIS play, by those clever American collaborators, Edna Ferber and George Kaufman, who wrote *Dinner at Eight*, is the best slice cut off the joint of theatrical life since Pinero gave us *Trelawny of the Wells*.

Just as in England, so in America there are families who are born, bred, and die in the atmosphere of the theatre, and so strong is the attraction that members cannot tear themselves away from it.

At the Lyric Theatre we are shown four generations of the Cavendish family, ranging from great-grandmother, who, though old and ill, is quite prepared to go touring again, to an infant-in-arms who, it is hoped, will carry on the tradition and become as famous an actor as was great-great-grandfather—and a most interesting collection they are. Really, there is precious little story in this play, but that is of minor consequence, because interest is sustained throughout by the well-observed character-drawing of a set of stage folk who are delightfully entertaining.

Great-grandmamma is still a star, despite her age, but when the play starts, it is her daughter whose name shines big in the electric lights on Broadway. The latter has a busy time, for in one day, between the matinée and evening performance, her mother is taken ill; her brother—a gorgeous character his—cannot get his promised passport to flee the country from a discarded woman's anger; her daughter becomes hysterical because she has had a dust-up with her young man; there is a crowd outside the apartment hoping to see her brother trying to escape; her sister-in-law comes in to make a fuss about her new part; she has had no dinner, and her old lover returns and wants to marry her. With this accumulation of staggerers, can it be wondered at that, in an impassioned speech, she vows forthwith to renounce the stage for a life of quiet? Yet when the maid warns her that it is eight o'clock, away, for the moment, go her plans, and with "Oh, hell!" on her lips, she flies to the theatre. It 's in her blood, as it is in all of them. Nothing else really matters. The theatre comes first.

That list of troubles will give you some faint idea of the sort of play *Theatre Royal* is. From start to finish it is full of movement and self-revelation of character, thanks to clever dialogue, and perfect production by Noel Coward, and, as is usual when artists are given the goods, they rise to the occasion. Marie Tempest has never given a finer performance than as great-grandmamma. Humour and pathos are beautifully blended. Madge Titheradge plays the daughter and star actress so well that we regret the more her long absence from the stage. Laurence Olivier shows a true sense of comedy, hitherto unsuspected, as her feckless, noisy brother; and the more modern generation is cleverly contrasted with the elder by Margaret Vines. George Zucco, Mary Merrall, W. Graham-Browne, and Tristan Rauson play important parts perfectly, and in case I haven't made my views clear, I will finish up by saying I enjoyed my evening enormously.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

Right: Tony "Don Juan" Cavendish (Laurence Olivier) practises fencing at the top of the stairs

Rest hour in the Cavendish ménage: Gwen (Margaret Vines), with the very latest Cavendish; Julie (Madge Titheradge), Gwen's mother, and Fanny (Marie Tempest), her grandmother; Kitty Dean (Mary Merrall), and husband Herbert (George Zucco), in a marital tiff; manager Oscar Wolfe (W. Graham Browne) takes refuge at the piano

Sketches by ROUSON

Below: ***the Hon. Mrs. John Hare***

Mrs. John Hare is another and very attractive bride of this year. She married the Hon. John Hare, the second of the Earl of Listowel's three brothers. She was the Hon. Nancy Pearson, and is Viscount Cowdray's sister. Another of his sisters, the Hon. Brenda Pearson, was also married this year; she is now Mrs. Paul Willert

Mrs. Peter Clifton

Mrs. Peter Clifton was one of the most striking of this summer's brides when she married the only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Percy Clifton, of Clifton Hall, Nottingham. She was Miss Ursula Packe, and is the second daughter of Sir Edward and the Hon. Lady Packe, and grand-daughter of Lord Colebrooke. Her husband is in the Grenadier Guards; he has a half-sister who married Lord Crawshaw in 1930

Classical and Modern

A Contrast In Young-Marrieds

Photographs by Yevonde

• FILMS of the DAY

"Riez donc, beau Rieur!"

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"Forbidden Territory"

"The Catspaw"

Above: Harold Lloyd as Ezekiel Cobb, the Chinese missionary's son, who becomes a mayor in America, and Grace Bradley as one of the charmers he meets by the way, in his new—and different—comedy film at the Capitol

Left: Binnie Barnes and Gregory Ratoff in a new thriller of Soviet captures and escapes from Siberia—an English film version of Dennis Wheatley's novel which will be shown shortly

To be unintentionally funny may be hard lines, but even more sympathy should be extended to people who have to be intentionally funny. Laughter-makers are born, not made.

It is an unanalysable gift. In the past, funny men relied on copyright disguises; but George Robey would have made people laugh without the famous eyebrows and bowler hat, and Charles Chaplin has had his little successes of one sort and another, even when divested of his invariable make-up!

The modern clown does not resort to properties and, although curiously and sadistically, even sophisticated audiences still laugh when a man falls over or into something, and crockery smashes; one man's catastrophe is another man's amusement; but slap-stick is relegated to second-feature films, and a six-reel comedy invariably depends on the personality of the star.

"The Camels are Coming"

ALTHOUGH he has a funny face, I doubt if that is what turned Jack Hulbert into a comedian, and he does not use it, consciously, for his effects. He has what appears to be a natural and spontaneous breeziness and good humour, a precipitate, athletic energy which carry his audience with him and, incidentally, he is a talented dancer, and has a pleasant, unaffected singing voice. "But why bring that up?"

In *The Camels are Coming* he has a characteristic part in the vein of *Jack Ahoy!* but with Egypt and the Air Force substituted for the high seas and the Navy. This admixture of comedy and thrills is a good line—a speciality of the house of Gaumont-British. The greater part of the film was actually made in Egypt, to the discomfiture of all concerned.

Hulbert, as an egregiously asinine, back-chatting officer in the Air Force, engaged in tracking dope smugglers in the desert, makes every kind of mistake, suspects and falls in love with a blonde, air-minded, venturesome representative of a cigarette company, is the catspaw of the chief of the gang, and has a series of absurd adventures, disguised as a dragoman and then as a wicked sheik, culminating in the defence of a fort in the best *Beau Geste* manner, one man and a girl, supported by a caravan of real camels and dummy tribesmen, against a whole tribe of ferocious Arab bandits, with the anticipated result. Anna Lee, very fair, young and vivacious, is the leading lady, and proves that there are filmic types to be found among English aspirants to stardom. But the most compelling feminine interest is Daisy the Camel, a born comédienne.

"The Catspaw"

QUITE a long time ago, Harold Lloyd hit on the simple expedient of making a pair of horn-rimmed glasses an adjunct to drollery. In his new picture, *The Catspaw*, they are practically all that is left of his early comic impersonations. He has had the courage and wisdom to adopt a new line. He belongs to the school of unsmiling comedians, and uses this method effectively as an urbane and apparently inane little missionary, come to America from China to find a mother for his children. His naïveté makes him the butt of the slick Americans, and the instrument of a gang of racketeers, who run him for mayor because he is the least likely candidate in the world, and they want the other man to get in. The quoter of Chinese proverbs begins to show his true form by knocking down the villainous and brutal rival candidate, thereby getting into the headlines and winning popular favour and the election. He thereupon sets about cleaning up the town by good old Chinese methods, in which a formidable sword of appropriately bloody history figures largely and amusingly. Una Merkel is effective as the wisecracking cigarette girl who succumbs to the practical reformer in unpractical guise.

"The Forbidden Territory"

INTRODUCES Russian snows, Russian music and dance, and Russian accents. There is a brilliant cast, exciting plot, and magnificent settings. Ronald Squire, suave, cynical and imperturbable as ever, is a baronet aeroplane manufacturer who journeys to Russia with his son to find another son, who has mysteriously disappeared. They trace him to a prison in Siberia. He has been caught in "forbidden territory," near a secret aerodrome. Actually, he was in search of treasure, having believed the tom-fool story of a Russian prince he met in Berlin.

Soviet chaperonage proves provokingly and dangerously thorough, but a thrilling aerial escape is effected with the help of a lovely singer, Binnie Barnes, gloriously Hollywoodised, whose musical speaking voice is an asset, and the princely romancer's daughter, a smaller part, prettily played by Tamara Desni. Anthony Bushell discovers an improving talent, and his stalwart figure and clear blue eyes ravish the hearts of maidenly fans. He has a stubbly chin, ruffled hair, and carpet slippers during the prison sequences, but the Cossack cap becomes him vastly.

"Caravan"

ERIK CHARELL'S first American picture, *Caravan*, has its first European release at the Curzon this week. It is a triumph of his characteristic art, to which the screen gives full scope. I shall review it next week.

Below: the Princess and her Musical Director make another attempt to elope. But they are caught, and surprisingly make confession that they have been married for three years, and have two great-grandchildren

Princess Isabelle of Casinario (Renée St. Cyr), who has been promised to Banco, the millionaire, in return for his loan to her country, elopes with her lover, the musical director (Jose Noguerro). They find they have no petrol and no money, they decide to shoot themselves, they look at each other—they change their minds

Banco (Max Dearly), the last millionaire in the world, who has had his wits knocked out of his head by the crown on the royal bed falling on it, plays the hymn he composed to himself as Dictator

"Le Dernier Milliardaire"

René Clair's New Film

RENÉ CLAIR'S new film, "Le Dernier Milliardaire," a satirical fantasy about dictators and millionaires, which is as brilliant as anything he has yet done, had its première last night at the Academy Cinema, in aid of the Shoreditch Infant Welfare Centre. The Princess Royal, who is President of the Centre, was there, and René Clair himself, who came over specially for the première

The Queen (Marthe Mellot) who rules Casinario, the crazy kingdom of René Clair's film, decides to give her blessing to the Princess and her lover, and marry Banco, the millionaire, herself

Fine Days at Newbury

The October Meeting

Left : the Hon. Sir Eustace Fiennes, Lord Saye and Sele's brother, walking round with Miss Jill Cowan

Right : Captain and Mrs. "Ossie" Bell, who were married recently. She was Lady Beaumont, the late Sir George Beaumont's widow

Left : Mr. Roger Wethered, Lady Linlithgow, and her son, Lord Hopetoun, talking to Mr. David Dale

Right : Lord Ashley and his sister, Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, working out the odds and evens of a race

Above : Lady Warwick and Miss Celia Palmer, who both looked very neat in their tweed suits and brogues

Left : Mrs. P. Harvey with Marcus Marsh, who trained her husband's two-year-old, Glentrigo, which ran in the Theale Maiden Plate

Right : Lady Brecknock and Colonel Sam Ashton on their way to look at the horses

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

COMMENTING on the death of Von Kluck, some leader-writer or other observed that it is "a humiliating thought that we owe the Allied victory to a stupid Prussian"—the reference being to Von Kluck's ignoring an order which led to his "key" defeat by the French on the Marne. We don't quite understand why this should be humiliating. Surely the essence of the military craft is a reasonable amount of stupidity?

Every war illustrates this truth. In the first place, nobody ever knows what is happening—least of all the gilded Staff, aided and abetted by those scions of the old families who fall naturally and de jure into Staff billets. If anybody really understood what was going on and was really clever, frightful things might happen and the whole art of war would be set at nought. (It would be just like you to come back at us with Marlborough and Napoleon, the two historical exceptions. We're referring to the others, the countless brass-bound woodenheads, the military majority.)

In the French Revolutionary wars, which were fought so brilliantly by amateurs, for the most part, the French had a curiously vulgar way of dealing with generals who made costly mistakes. They were recalled to Paris by the Convention, given a brief trial, and put to death: a highly non-professional procedure which shocked decent military opinion throughout Europe. If that sort of thing had been allowed to continue (for example, in the Great War), where on earth should we be? Where we are now, probably, but paying less taxes.

Let's Not Hurry

VIEWING with a certain absence of hysteria the new England-Australia flight record—two days four and a-half hours to Australia, if so be you want to get to Australia in two days four and a-half hours (and, by the look of you, we think you probably would)—we are more than ever of opinion that a sound word on the speed craze was spoken by our old playmate, Matthew Arnold, poet and critic, years and years ago.

"Matt" Arnold (as we called him), contemplating the train services of the 'seventies, asked: "Why hurry from a dismal and illiberal life in London to a dismal and illiberal life in Birmingham?"

Cry for Plain Jane

WE read all about the "beautiful blonde Croat girl" who is supposed to be connected with the terrorist gang who killed Alexander of Jugoslavia, and yearned, for the five-hundredth time, for a bit of a change.

No plain girl ever gets into a sensational newspaper story (unless they carelessly print her photograph). In banditry and international crime, above all, a steady and cloying succession of beautiful creatures, chiefly blondes, bobs up week after week, and we're sick of them. If it were possible to light on a crime story beginning—

> The police of Europe are searching for "Cabface" Irma Strczwcz, the rather unattractive spectacled girl who is alleged to be the leader of an international gang, and whose mouse-coloured hair and projecting teeth make her damnably uninteresting, even to your Special Correspondent.

we should shake our shoulders and settle down to a really gripping piece of news.

The whole thing is a cliché, anyway. A man who knew Mata Hari towards the end of her glamorous career told us that she looked like a decayed district visitor. One or two other dazzling female spies whose photographs we have seen look much the same. We shouldn't wonder, either, if most of the Monte Carlo charmers who glide through the works of Le Queux and Oppenheim are pretty ornary when you catch them at home, with their hair down and their poor tired feet on a chair. And we prefer them like that, too; just nice, honest, plain working girls, some of them with grandsons in the Navy.

Hey, for the Greenwood!

THE recent conviction of a bank manager who, it was stated on his behalf, compassionately transferred money from the accounts of rich clients to those of needy clients, is another example of the dangers of wrongheaded altruism. Robin Hood could get away with it and become the hero of English ballad. Not so a modern

Re-Incarnations

No. 5.—Paris and the Three Goddesses

(Paris: Noel Coward, Minerva: Yvonne Printemps, Venus: Evelyn Laye, and Juno: Mary Clare)

"Now, now! None of that hi-de-hi stuff"

bank manager. It seems to us that a banker who transferred money from the poor to the rich might stand a better chance nowadays. Sympathy with the rich is growing. A philanthropist we knew some time ago was hot on founding a new charitable order called "Little Sisters of the Rich," with the Dolly Sisters as joint Sisters Superior. The duties of the Little Sisters of the Rich, he said, would be to visit the rich constantly, to share their homely joys and sorrows, to comfort and soothe them in tribulation—for example, when they were reduced to a couple of measly yachts—and, generally, to jolly them along and make Life worth living for them.

Another good idea of his was to establish a society to extend to the rich certain privileges now enjoyed exclusively by the poor—that is to say, the society's inspectors would dash into houses in Mayfair and inspect the teeth, tonsils, hair, and chests of the rich at any hour, without appeal or nonsense of any kind.

We don't know why this philanthropist failed, but he did, and is now, we believe, in a home. That's what often happens to pioneers.

Social and Personal

MRS. HENRY GOWLE would Like to Dispose of TAME POET. Ideal Pet; docile, well-trained, will Eat or Drink Anything. Or would EXCHANGE for GREY AFRICAN MONKEY.—Offers to Box FF 675, the *Times*.

GET RID OF THOSE GUESTS! TITLED LADY, owning large Country House, will send INFALLIBLE RECIPE for Freeing House, any size, of GUESTS of every kind. Harmless to animals. —Apply, "Countess," Box JJ 76, the *Times*.

LORD CASTLEROSSE SAYS: "Your 'Eureka' RUBBER SANDWICHES are a Delightfully Economical Idea for Parties." Why Feed a LOT OF SCROUNGERS You Will Probably Never See Again? Write for Sample Sandwich to EUREKA PARTY SUPPLIES, LTD., E.C.4.

VIRGINIA LADY PAMSHOTT still has ONE DAUGHTER (25) for disposal. Tall, blonde, SINGS, Plays, NOSE SLIGHTLY SNUB, would Suit CONTRACTOR or CIVIL ENGINEER. No Agents.—Terms on application, 123, Hill Street, W.

YOUNG MAN, 23, Public School, good at games, No Capital, WAVY HAIR, would ACCEPT DIRECTORSHIP, preferably with NO DUTIES WHATSOEVER. Applications will be Dealt With in Strict Rotation.—"Bimbo," Box DS 76.

Fish to You

ANGLING off a pier has always struck us as one of the more sombre sports, but we observe that it is in high favour this autumn. A policeman won a silver cup for it at Margate only the other day.

PEN-PUSHERS

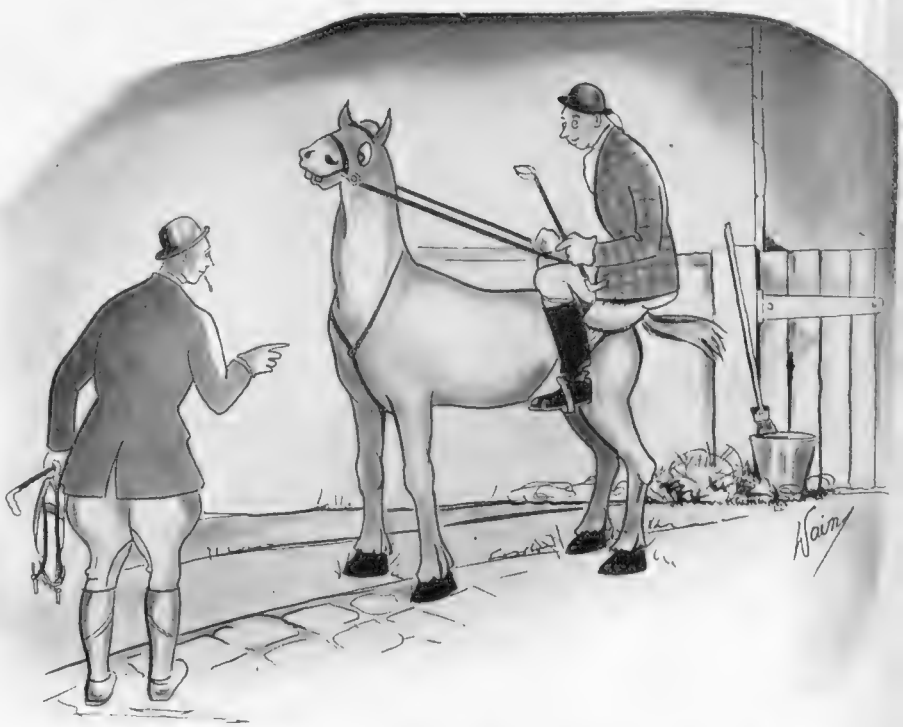
No. 4.—"Sapper"

THERE'S a hearty, hefty hero
Who is not averse to beer,
With the figure of Colossus
And a soul that knows no fear
Save when danger is besetting
His young woman, sweet and sage—
And because the yarn 's by "Sapper,"
There 's a thrill on every page.

There 's a villain of the foulest,
With blue murder in his heart
And false whiskers on his cheek-bones
Which are perfect gems of art,
Plus a "niece" who is his mistress
(Well, you know what villains are!)—
And because the yarn 's by "Sapper,"
There 's a thrill in every par.

There is poison in the pudding,
There 's a bomb beneath the bed,
There 's a cut-throat in the kitchen
(But he 's very, very dead);
There 's a bath of prussic acid
Waiting for the her-o-ine—
And because the yarn 's by "Sapper,"
There 's a thrill in every line.

There are gun-play, gas and gaggings,
There are kidnappings and dope,
There are moments when the hero
Has got nothing left but hope;
There are straight lefts from the shoulder
When some "rough house" has occurred—
And because the yarn 's by "Sapper,"
There 's a thrill in every word. B. W.



"I know. I had it up there, but the reins were too long"

It seems to us to lack every kind of interest. Anglers have, as is well known, no sex-life, and passion, therefore, has no place in their tourneys. Otherwise the spectacle of a long, stolid line of motionless men with drooping moustaches, holding long poles with string on the end might be enlivened by sending lovely actresses to lure them, to hang round their necks and whisper burning messages in their ear. What hopes! Can Flattery, as the poet Gray remarked, soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

More exciting, perhaps, would be the sight of one of these anglers suddenly struggling desperately with what seemed to be an enormous fish, but turned out to be a female Channel swimmer left over from the summer and still doggedly pounding away. That would be real fun, would it not?

"No, lady, I can't play it, but it keeps me warm in the winter"

Death of a Theatre

PASSING through Sloane Square the other evening, we were made rather melancholy, not for the first time, by the dismal aspect of the Royal Court Theatre, next door to the Tube station, shabby, barred, and desolate, with the Sloane Square pigeons roosting all over the parapets.

Is anything sadder than a dead theatre? (Not that the Royal Court housed many riots of fun and frolic. It is connected in our memory chiefly with Granville Barker and Shaw—"the Cerebral Drama," as dear Marie Lloyd used to call it, laughing heartily.) The Royal Court Theatre has been empty a long time. The last time we had a drink in the stalls bar we were young, hale, and merry, full of illusions, believing in women and newspapers, and (to some extent) the genius of Shaw. It was an old-fashioned theatre, with gilding and mirrors and plush—and, by heaven, how one can cherish a real human theatre after the bleak operating parlours of chromium steel and Cubist glass they produce plays in nowadays!—and even during a Shaw season it was full of life and warmth and (during the intervals) movement. Now it is a perch for overfed and loathly birds, so cynical and spoiled that they walk right under your feet and never feel a kick.

Making a sign at it meaning "Theatre, we grieve for you," we went on gloomily to our Chelsea party, and within half an hour we were making passes at a personable blonde. So soon is tragedy forgotten, and so swiftly does the stream of Life rush under the bridges.

"Don't be a cad, Ponsonby, you know it's my turn with the hat"

Look, Everybody!

WITH grim enjoyment, we read recently about the "loneliest girl in England," who lives by herself in a big, secluded house on a remote part of the river, acting as caretaker. We bet she isn't so lonely now. We bet there are hundreds of silly faces gaping at her daily over walls and fences and through gaps in hedges. We bet the roads are thronged with charabancs and the lanes with bicycles, all carrying rubbernecks to look at the loneliest girl in England.

One thing the Press does thoroughly nowadays is to call attention to hidden villages and beauty spots where nobody ever goes. The week-end after Our Special Correspondent has gone into rhythmic ecstasies over the unspoiled peace of Little Bodgington or the lovely hush of the countryside at Snoring Magna, the place is packed with hikers and ramblers and beanfeasters, blank, staring faces out of charabancs drift to and fro, every third cottage puts up a "TEAS" board, and the litter of wastepaper and banana-skins which defiles the countryside shows what Nature owes to her true lovers.

Ourselves, when we hit by accident on some little bit of England which has miraculously escaped progress and the spirit of the age, we instantly kill and bury anyone who happens to be with us. We don't like doing it, but by this means we have kept at least three lovely places a secret. Call us cantankerous old what-nots if you will; we think Mother England is in our debt.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Left: Mrs. Paul Baron, who was deputy chairman of the Committee of the Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House last week, was sketched at Mrs. Richard Wainwright's party. She was wearing a duck-egg blue suit, with a silver fox cape and a black Tyrolean-ish hat

Mrs. Paul Baron

Round the Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Miss Virginia Barnato

Right: Virginia Barnato was also helping with the Ice Carnival in aid of the Y.W.C.A. as chairman of the Young Committee. She is Mrs. Richard Wainwright's elder daughter, and came out this year

Miss Diana Barnato

Diana Barnato is Virginia Barnato's younger sister, a sub-deb., and very pretty. Her particular craze is tap-dancing. She also was sketched at the party her mother. Mrs. Richard Wainwright, gave for the patrons and committee of the Ice Carnival

Right, below: Mrs. Freudenthal and Mrs. Dickson Moyses are sisters, and are respectively deputy chairman and vice-chairman of the Ivory Cross Ball, which takes place to-morrow night at Grosvenor House. They were sketched at a Committee meeting at Lady Queensberry's house

Mrs. Norman Freudenthal and Mrs. Dickson Moyses

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Mrs. William Gordon and Miss Gloria Gordon

Mrs. William Gordon and her daughter Gloria were at the committee meeting for the United Services Ball which is to be held to-morrow at Grosvenor House in aid of the Ex-Services Welfare Society. Gloria Gordon is chairman of the young committee. She and her mother were both wearing fur Cossack hats

LAST week was full of very interesting events. There was the Cambridgeshire, when women's fashions on such a wet, drizzly day included "a beige clipped lamb coat (are lambs beige?) over a mulberry suit and a woollen messenger-boy cap to match." The Hon. Mrs. Robert Jenkinson was responsible for this: Lady Mar and Kellie also favoured lamb, but black Persian. By contrast, Lord Carnarvon was faithful to his bowler.

THEN we had All Hallow's Eve, when future lovers are supposed to be visible. But Mayfairers have their work cut out to deal with their present ones, so fear this occasion was rather overlooked, as was the day following, All Saints' Day. This was a Stock Exchange holiday, and on the eve of it, Mr. Nick Prinsep, Mr. Ronald Ferguson, and Mr. Urling Clark could be seen congratulating Mr. Philip Rhodes that at last he could slip away from the House for a day.

Another famous S.E. member is Mr. "Mossie" Myers, who went over with C. B. Cochran to New York, and stayed for three days. He won the ship's pool four times on the outward voyage, and such was the insistent feminine clamour outside the ship's shops each morning, that he had none of his winnings left at the end of the voyage. The Mark Ostrers, having accomplished doughty deeds on behalf of Gaumont-British films, returned on the same boat. New York has gone all formal again—white ties and tail-coats in the best night-clubs, one of which is on the sixty-fifth floor of a building.

THERE was a visitor to London last week for whom a great number of people cheered up. This was

Left: another sketch at the United Services Ball meeting. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys was wearing a real Cossack cap belonging to her husband, and Peggy Gordon-Moore was in a blackberry-coloured dress, with a moleskin cape and 1830 velvet hat to match

Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore

Right: Lady Cambridge is the chairman of the United Services Ball, and wore a scarlet "Marina" hat at the meeting. Her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, is to be one of the bridesmaids at the Royal wedding

The Marchioness of Cambridge

Swaebe

The Hallowe'en Ice Carnival and Ball at Grosvenor House in Aid of the Y.W.C.A.'s

The four skating witches who went round carrying a sheet, into which cash contributions to the evening's cause were thrown: Miss Champayne, Mrs. Paul Baron, Miss Virginia Barnato, the Chairman of the Junior Committee, and Miss D'Arcy Defries

Lady Anne Hunloke, the Chairman, who received the guests, party she herself took to the Carnival, Mr. Scrope Egerton Dorothy Macmillan. The ice was specially put down in skating-rink at Grosvenor House, and is now the

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Mr. William Odone, the American who annually takes the Palazzo Barbaro, in Venice. Miss Olga Lynn usually acts as hostess, Mr. Odone being a bachelor, and on this recent visit wild rumours, which one was fortunately able to quench, were spread. "A union of the O's. How well Oggie Odone would sound!" Mrs. Syrie Maugham, who also gave a big cocktail-party on Thursday, gave a dinner-party for Mr. Odone. Lady Birkenhead, Lady Eleanor Smith, Mrs. Drogo Montagu (visitor to the Palazzo), Lord and Lady Aberconway, Baroness Ravensdale, Mr. Philip and Lady Mary Dunn (visitors to the Palazzo), Lady Colefax, Glyn Philpot and Alanova (visitor to another Palazzo, near by) were all there.

I did not hear whether Messrs. Cecil Beaton and Peter Watson (visitors to the Palazzo) were there, but I am sure brother Cecil has been terribly busy preparing for sister Baba's wedding to-day— that is, if the preparations have been on anything like the scale of the former Beaton wedding.

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN played for the guests, of whom he was one himself. His playing the previous night at the Queen's Hall had quite justified the ecstatic "Arthur, *darling!* Isn't he *too* wonderful?" which burst from the lips of his admirers. Alanova finished up the evening badly, by getting shut out of her flat in Halkin Street. She cried for help, but Lord Berners, who lives in the opposite house, was either away or emulating Baal's attitude to the Israelite priests. He may still have been staying at Tredegar Park, where there was a big house party: Mrs. Claude Beddington ("Mother B." to all our readers) should have been there, but was sitting in the garden of her lovely house in Hampstead, with the temperature at 67, amid the whistles of the blackbirds, when she was stung by a mosquito. A sad story.

CONCHITA SUPERVIA sang very delightfully at the Queen's Hall at a concert in aid of the Jewish Lads' Brigade, some of whom sat in their uniform behind the platform. Conchita made one of her genuinely generous gestures when she turned round after the applause following one song, and shook one of the lads warmly by the hand. Szigeti played the violin, but though he is a perfect technician, he strikes the average listener as rather soul-less in his playing. Still, as he was giving his services in the cause of charity, one possibly should not criticise.

ANYWAY, one cannot criticise Yehudi Menuhin, who filled the Albert Hall on the Sunday, and gave a most masterly performance. Sir Oswald Mosley, too, filled it in the evening, and on the next night Mizler and Berg occupied it.

AT the Savoy Grill the other night was a party of five—Captain Walter Buckmaster, a former captain of England at polo, his wife, Captain Herbert Buckmaster, founder of Buck's Club (the new Ladies' Room opens there this week, it is Quaglino-ish in design), his son, John Buckmaster, now acting in *Hi-Diddle Diddle*, and his mother, Gladys Cooper. Four Buckmasters and one Buckmaster-no-more.

THE Café de Paris still has its Yacht Club Boys to fill its space. The Prince of Wales was there the other day—so was Princess Alexis Mdivani, who does not look any happier than usual. Miss Toto Koopman, on the other hand, was her usual bright self; she was in a party with Mr. Drogo Montagu, Lord Inverclyde and Miss Celia Palmer. Prince Aly Khan had Lady Warwick on one side of him, and Lady Ashley on the other. "What could be fairer than that?" as Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, exclaimed as he passed through Mr. Henry Horne's room in a famous nursing-home, about to make his exit down the fire-escape, to elude the battery of photographers waiting for him in the street.

MR. and Mrs. R. C. Vaughan gave a large party at the Ritz, over four hundred guests attending, many of whom were meeting for the first time those in whose honour the party was given—Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Reekie. Among the distinguished gathering could be noted Sir Harry Brittain, Sir Harry Preston, Mr. Claud Goddard, Captain R. L. Jolliffe, Sir Percy Simmons, and Lord Waring—representatives, one notes, of all forms of commerce and sport.

TWO of the Grosvenor House Follies gave a cocktail-party at their house: there were masses of girls, masses of Weldons, Lord Queensberry, Lady Joan Bridgeman, and Mr. Terence Philips —and the hostesses were Rosalie Fromson and Betty Sundmark, who is still spending the winnings from her large Monte Carlo coup.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

A HOWLING gale, but otherwise fine. That was the last Newbury meeting. Very enjoyable racing altogether as all our fancies seemed to fancy themselves as well, and pop past the post just ahead of someone else's not-so-bright idea. All our usual friends and lots of cherry brandy to keep the cold out. What more could we ask for? Of the local lights we saw Sir Frederick and Lady Carden. He is carrying on again as M.F.H. of the Craven. With them was their attractive niece, Mrs. Gordon Dill, in green and white checks

Work for Unemployed Women and Girls with two of the large and her sister, Lady what used to be the new banqueting - hall

Captain John Drury-Lowe and Miss Hilary Charles, who are often seen out dancing together, were two more of Lady Anne Hunloke's party at Grosvenor House

Swaebe

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Glover watching one of the events in the skating exhibition. Mrs. Glover was on the committee; she was Susan Drage before her marriage

and a green hat. An almost local is Mrs. de Winton Wills (her in-laws live quite near). She was conspicuous, and another that we mustn't forget is Lord Carnarvon. He was there all right, and so was his sister, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp. She had come down on the race special, and was neatly attired in navy blue.

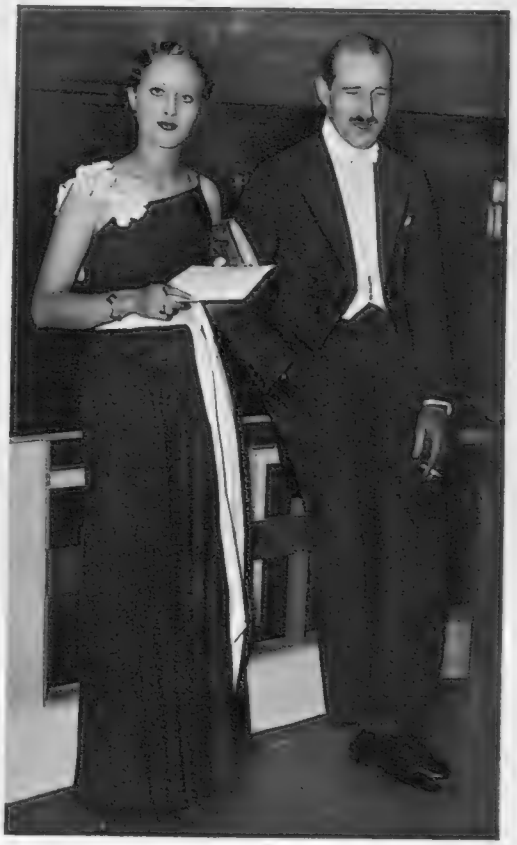
Sir Peter Grant-Lawson doesn't usually honour us with his company flat-racing, but he had a ride in the last race, and he never misses a chance of that if he can help it. Mrs. Geoffrey Pease, in a bright red hat, was there with her husband, who is one of those spartan chaps who don't bother about things like overcoats till there are icicles hanging from the wall. Mr. Pat Dennis, also overcoat-less, was with them. Sir Tresham and Lady Lever don't often miss a Newbury meeting. She was in dark blue this time. Lady Warwick, in a brown hat and Jaeger coat, was with Major John Combe. He always picks on a good-looker to go about with.

A VERY fashionable collection of young Society appeared at the private supper-party at the Savoy given by Lord and Lady Dufferin. The latter, unlike most of her guests, wore white tulle. The majority of people were attired in black. Lady Warrender, for instance, in black velvet and white ermine. Lady Mary Lygon, on the other hand, burst forth in striped taffetas. Count Paul Munster brought his tall and attractive wife, while Lord Plunket brought his small but equally attractive one. Lady Milbanke we saw, and Mrs. Philip Kindersley, and hordes of others.

MISS BABA BEATON has chosen a simple dress for her wedding to Mr. Alex Hambro (quite unlike her sister, Lady Smiley, when she was married, if you remember) of plain white satin, very tight. Crimson is the colour she is introducing. She will herself carry crimson roses, her pages, in white satin knee-breeches, will have crimson coats, and her only bridesmaid, Miss Tess Chattock, will wear a crimson velvet dress and carry a long staff with a bunch of red roses at the top. The whole thing ought to be quite lovely. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid is lending her house in Upper Brook Street for the reception, and her small son, Michael, for a page. The other pages will be Gay Kindersley and Everard Hambro.

VARIOUS christenings have taken place lately. Mr. and Mrs. Harald Peake had a "christening lunch" party, by way of a change from a "christening tea" party like most people have, when their son had his "do" the other day. Sir Ian and Lady Forbes-Leith have called their fourth child (which is their second daughter) Mary Elizabeth, which is nice and plain and a relief after some of the fantastic names people give their children nowadays. She was christened at her Highland home in Aberdeenshire. Another christening, which also took place north of the Tweed, was Lord and Lady Airlie's James Donald Diarmid. He had Lord Dalhousie and Sir Harold Wernher as godfathers.

THE other night, at a well-known restaurant (and we 'll leave you to guess which), we saw a party which consisted of, among others, the Aga Khan, his son, Prince Aly Khan, and Lord and Lady Warwick, the last named in bright red, which suited her brunette attractiveness to perfection. Sir Gerard and Lady Fiona Fuller, had the former's brother, Mr. Christopher Fuller, with them. Mr. and Mrs. John Floyd (she in a flowered dress) had Lady Priscilla Willoughby and Miss Muriel Wright with them, plus Lord Normanton and Mr. A. N. Other! Mr. George Munro-Kerr was à deux with Mrs. Edward Standish, lovely in pink, while Mr. Eric Hatry was also à deux, but his companion was none other than "our" "Eddy" Tatham.—MRS. PEEPS



Swaebe

Miss Primrose Salt, who is not featuring so often on charity ball committees as usual, was at the Hallowe'en Ice Carnival; she is with Mr. A. H. Osborne

Below: *Anna Sten*

Anna Sten's new part is in "We Live Again," the film of Tolstoi's "Resurrection"; she appears as Katusha Maslova, the peasant girl who is betrayed by her playmate, Prince Dmitri Ivanovitch Nekhlyudov (Fredric March), who afterwards goes with her to her lonely Siberian exile. The film is directed by Rouben Mamoulian. It is now being shown at the London Pavilion, started its run there yesterday

They Appeal

Three Beautifu
Who Are in

Left: *Madeleine Carroll*

Madeleine Carroll is the English Queen Caroline Mathilde of Denmark, in "The Dictator," the Toeplitz film being made in the Gaumont-British studios. Emlyn Williams plays the King of Denmark, and Clive Brook appears as Struensee, the man who became Dictator. The director is Victor Saville, who took on the job as soon as he had finished George Arliss's film, "The Iron Duke," and Franz Planer, who used to work for Ufa, and is a great artist, is the camera-man

Below: *Norma Shearer*

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is no longer being shown at the Empire, but Norma Shearer's performance as Elizabeth Barrett will be a good memory for a long time for those who saw the film. Shearer fans can't decide whether this film or "Smilin' Through" gave her her best part; in any case, her acting was such as never to be dominated by that of Charles Laughton, terrible, overpowering, magnificent as he was as Mr. Barrett

al to London

tiful Film Stars
in the News

At the Newmarket Sales on Cambridgeshire Day

Mr. and Mrs. Leetham were at the sales suitably clad for what was the most Arcticly bitter morning

The Hon. Mrs. Herman Hodge, talking to Mrs. George Hartigan and Mrs. Martin Hartigan, whose husbands are the Ogbourne brothers

Sir Alfred Butt, owner of Spend a Penny, which started favourite for the Cambridgeshire, is with Sir Mathew Wilson

A Racing Reverie:

A Cold Cambridgeshire

By "Regular"

WITH the decision of the last race at Newmarket, those of us with any sense button up our pockets for the year. The remaining weeks of the season are "potted hell" for backers, enormous fields and upsets of form occurring in almost every race.

THE majority of us, however, learn very slowly. Year after year, Old Burlington Street is paved with gold during the "back end," but we have only to hear of one with 7 lb. in hand and we rush in and back it, only to see it well down the course.

THIS week we shall all be at Liverpool for some of the most enjoyable racing of the year. It is invariably tip-top, and the variety of steeple-chasing, hurdle-racing, and flat-racing appeals to all tastes, while after the day's work is done there is the usual jollification at the Adelphi Hotel, which goes on far into the night.

THOSE of us who bet in anything but the smallest sums are stark, staring, raving mad, but surely the racing is of sufficient interest in itself without the necessity of us getting ourselves in a worse mess than we are in already.

THE last week at Newmarket opened in fine but cold weather, but never have I known the going so hard at this advanced period of the season. Strange to say, results, however, were, for the most part, favourable to backers, while the bookmakers' generosity in only asking for 11 to 8 Master Vere, when he merely had Caracol to beat, was really amazing. I can only think that they said to themselves: "If we give the suckers a little more than they expect here, they 'll come and give it all back with interest at Liverpool and Manchester."

DICK PERRYMAN, than whom there is no sounder jockey riding, had a great day as, apart from Master Vere, he was also successful on Shahali and Social Error, and Frank Butters was able to annex another few hundreds for our most deserving owner—the Aga Khan.

SHAHALI won like the very good two-year-old he is. Joe Lawson ran a promising though backward animal called Zingaro, but for the moment he holds about as much chance of beating Shahali as I should on a bicycle.

A FOULER day than that of the Cambridgeshire it would be hard to imagine, and when the climatic conditions are unfavourable, there is no place that can be as unpleasant as Newmarket. When it was all over, I offered up a prayer of thankfulness that, although I hadn't backed the winner, I was luckier than those people who had to spend the winter in Newmarket.

So disgusted was the Mem with the icy wind, and my inability to give her a winner, that she announced her retirement from the Turf. Like the late Dame Melba's, Sir Abe Bailey's, and Burnside's, the Mem's retirement need not be taken very seriously, and I am anticipating a spectacular come-back at Liverpool.

ONCE again Uncle Regular sifted out the big handicap entirely to the satisfaction of his bookmaker. After hours of patient study, I reduced my fancies to six, and not one of them finished in the first eight.

HAVING given the cherry brandy a rare caning, we dragged ourselves to the top of the stand to watch them go down, and down they went, all save dear old Joe Childs on Mate, who, for some reason best known to himself, side-stepped the entire nine furlongs, arriving a full twelve minutes after everything else.

WHAT we didn't call Joe was nobody's business, keeping us up there in the cold, when we might have been snugly ensconced in the Night Club 'neath the stand, knee deep in sloe gin. It was suggested that in future Joe should employ a second horseman to take his mount down to post, and that he should meet him there in his car.

I AM not going to say that the light was bad, because there wasn't any light at all, and I know no more of what was happening in the early stages than you do.

WHEN I could make them out, The Blue Boy and Wychwood Abbot were going best, and if he had been better drawn, I can well believe the former might have won. As it was, Wychwood Abbot, ridden by the all-conquering Perryman, ran on most courageously (Majors and Captains of the Racecourse Press, please apologise) and won convincingly; and it only remains for me to congratulate Mr. Watney, Ted Leader, and Perryman—and commiserate with Basil Briscoe, who went for a real coup over Commander III, and so narrowly failed to bring it off.

County Goings-On

Weddings, Shooting and Dancing

Lord and Lady Tweeddale's Party at Yester House

A huge house-party group at Yester House, the Tweeddales' East Lothian place: Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick, Lady Tweeddale, Colonel the Hon. Henry Guest, Lady Georgina Hay, Mr. Jones Mortimer, Miss Catherine Ralli, the Hon. Mrs. Guest, Lady Francis Hay, Lord Tweeddale, the Duchesse de Croy, Lord Rossmore, Princess Antoinette de Croy, Mlle. Guyard, Lady Daphne Hay, Sir George Clerk, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, and Colonel Cunninghame

Mr. Walter Pulford and Miss Ada Wilmot

Left: Mr. Walter William Pulford and Miss Ada Wilmot, daughter of the late Sir Ralph Wilmot and Lady Ada Nield, and a niece of the Earl of Lauderdale, were married at Arlesford, Essex. In the group, besides the bride and bridegroom, are Mr. Arnold and Lady Ada Nield, Mr. Henry Wilmot, Mr. W. Harley, Lady Sylvia Maitland, Mrs. Sheila Theobald, Miss Diana Catorell, Miss Catherine Urquhart, Mr. J. H. Woods, best man

Below, left: Mr. Miles Illingworth, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Illingworth, of Middle Hill, Woking, and Miss Lilian Betty Merriman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Merriman, of Abney, Worplesdon, leaving St. Mary's, Worplesdon, after their wedding there last week

Mr. Miles Illingworth and Miss Lilian Merriman

Mr. N. M'K. Manclark and Miss Helma Thomson

Mr. Norman M'Kinnon Manclark, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M'Kinnon Manclark, of Edinburgh, and Miss Helma Thomson, daughter of Sir William Thomson, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and Lady Thomson, were married at St. Stephen's, Edinburgh

Below: Lady Anne Hope, Lady Stewart-Clark, Miss Claudia Blackburn, Mrs. Stevenson, and Captain Stevenson, Purse-Bearer to the Lord High Commissioner for Scotland, are in the group at the Linlithgow Unionist Association Ball at Edinburgh

The Linlithgow Conservative Ball

"I Am Never Idle—
—Always I Sing"

Beniamino Gigli, the Great Italian Tenor

Gigli, who is giving his second and last London recital next Friday, at the Albert Hall, is at the moment engaged on a month's tour of the sixteen principal towns of England—which means that he is a very busy man. But he himself says: "I never rest. I am always, always singing. When I am not working, then I rehearse. But I am never idle—always I sing." And before he sings, he does his breathing exercises: "I breathe every morning my exercises at the window. Even in London I take great draughts of your English air." And how he must dislike our English fogs . . . Gigli is the highest-paid singer in the world, getting £400 for a single performance; he is reputed to be a millionaire. And he says that when he is forty-nine, in five years' time, he is going to retire

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Macdonell Does It Again

By Alan Thomas

In *England, Their England*, Mr. A. G. Macdonell did it once. In his new book, *How Like an Angel* (Macmillan; 7*s*. 6*d*.), he does it again.

Of a shipwreck in the South Seas there are only four survivors—viz., three missionaries and an infant boy; of the three missionaries, one is an Englishman, one a Frenchman, and one a German, each a fair embodiment of his national characteristics, particularly with regard to women. Under the beneficent influence of these three mentors, the boy, who, after much discussion, has been given the name of Hugo Bechstein Smith, grows up and is wafted by devious means and in strange circumstances to the centre of Western civilisation—namely, the Ritz Hotel, London. The strange circumstances, which it is here unnecessary to particularise, involve the presence of a Hollywood film star, her resourceful Publicity Director, Mr. Arthur Ed. Dowley (formerly Arfa-ed-Dovleh, camel-holder of the bazaars of Tabriz, and seller of news at the street-corners of Ispahan), and his still more resourceful secretary, Mr. Tom Cockayne, familiarly known as "Dope." It is the impact of modern Western civilisation upon the simple soul from the Southern Seas that forms the substance of the book, and affords Mr. Macdonell ample scope for letting fly in his own inimitable way at the follies of our age. Institutional respectability is one of his main targets—the London clubs, the B.B.C., the War Office, the banks, to name a few. The arrows he directs at the daughters of Eve are no less barbed. And the craving for publicity at any price—at the price of good sense, of good taste, and of all that is decent in life—is faithfully exposed.

Of course, this sort of thing has been done before and will, no doubt, be done again. But I have used the word "inimitable" just above because I don't know anyone who writes with the same gusto, the same spirited style, the same colourful language as Mr. Macdonell. By this quality of enthusiasm and of originality of wit, I could recognise his writing anywhere.

A week or so ago, in discussing *Master Sanguine* and speculating on some kindly words which Mr. Macdonell had let fall on the subject of Voltaire, I ventured to suggest that Mr. Ivor Brown's middle name might turn out to be Arouet. After reading *How Like an Angel*, I am not sure that Mr. Brown won't have to share the honour. For certainly if Mr. Macdonell goes on like this, he himself will have a claim to be called the Voltaire of our age.

How Like an Angel deserves, and will, I predict, achieve enormous popularity.

In *The Empress Frederick* (Cassell; 10*s*. 6*d*.), Princess Catherine Radziwill warns the reader not to seek a serious history of that Empress's political existence and conduct, or even a complete story of her life. The object of the book is rather to put before the world a sketch of that much-misunderstood lady's life during the years she spent as a happy wife and a lonely widow in Germany.

In that she loved her husband and retained his love, she was certainly a happy wife. For the rest she was undoubtedly, as Princess Radziwill declares, one of the most tragic figures of modern history. From the moment it became known that Prince Frederick William was to offer himself in marriage to the Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, her troubles began. The marriage was unpopular not only in Prussia, but in almost every part of Germany, and the pro-Russian party at the Prussian Court—it was at the time of the Crimean War—started libelling her before they had even seen what she was like. Such was the rigour of that Court that she was not even allowed to nurse her own babies, having to employ a wet-nurse. She was surrounded by spies, and throughout Berlin she was known as "Die Englanderin." Even her love for her children was a cause of reproach: it was said that she wanted "to impose her opinions" on them. She was, in fact, the object of universal distrust and suspicion, and when her mother-in-law, the Empress Augusta, whose "mean nature enjoyed anything that might discredit her daughter-in-law," went to embrace her, the Crown Princess must have felt, as Princess Radziwill puts it, that the old lady's caresses were "nothing but Judas' kisses."

Over the Morell Mackenzie affair, had she "shown herself in the streets of Berlin, she would have been mobbed and stoned."

Throughout the short period when she was Empress, right up to the end, she drank of the waters of bitterness. Death alone brought her peace.

Princess Radziwill admits that such is her prejudice in favour of the Empress that she is, perhaps, the last person who should write about her. Be that as it may, this sympathetic study is not without value, and certainly not without interest.

The book, I think, should have been given an index, or at least a contents page, with chapter headings.

Sasha

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Towle

Who are on a visit to America. Mrs. Towle, who writes under the name of Margery Lawrence, is the well-known novelist and short-story writer, while Mr. Arthur Towle, C.B.E., did good service during the War as Director, Ministry of Food, and now occupies the post of Controller of the L.M.S. Hotel Services

The chief interest of *A Frenchman in Khaki*, by Paul Maze (Heinemann; 12*s*. 6*d*.), lies in the angle from which it is written. The author is a Frenchman who, in August 1914, was attached—or rather, attached himself—to the British Army. His duties were varied. Broadly speaking, he had to go about and learn what he could of the lie of the land, make drawings and explain them to units concerned in attack or defence. And in the course of the four years during which he was more or less continuously at his post, he had many adventures. In the early days of the war he was taken for a spy, and, by the orders of a British Divisional General, was on the point of being shot. Luckily, he was recognised before it was too late, and was thus spared to become what Mr. Winston Churchill describes in his introduction to the book as "l'institution Maze," the friend of generals, the man who was "never in the way and never out of the way."

Such was the standing of this active and resourceful sous officier that he was on the most informal terms with and had ready access to the leading lights of the High Command. He arrived, for example, one night at the Army Commander's headquarters and, finding them all at dinner, walked straight in. On seeing him, the Army Commander "at once jumped up," and, leading him over to the desk where the maps were, subjected him to a bombardment of questions. . . Nor were his encounters with generals always related to matters strictly military. On one occasion, he was responsible for organising a boar-hunt, in the course of which, from an adjacent bush, he heard a noise which he took to be from a boar. He was on the point of firing when there emerged the red nose of—a general!

Incidentally, the book contains a vindication of General Gough's policy during the retreat of March 18. He did, M. Maze says, what the enemy least of all wished him to do. He gave rope all the time and so preserved his front till the French came up and saved the situation.

M. Maze shows himself to be a humane and—I should say—an extremely likeable man. He has plenty of humour and great powers of observation. He writes modestly and without affectation, and from beginning to end the interest never flags.

Left: M. J. Turnbull, Cardiff's International scrum-half, getting the ball away in their match against Blackheath at the Rectory Field. The home side won 8—6, retaining their unbeaten record

Below: W. J. Leather, the Cambridge captain, and M. F. Peacock, a Richmond forward, at half-time during the drawn Cambridge-Richmond match

Lemon for Leather

Cardiff's Scrum-half Takes a Dive

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Hooking and Heeling

I HAVE been looking into the Rugby laws a bit lately, and, upon my soul, those exquisite samples of English prose which deal with the scrummage are inordinately complicated. Take, for example, Law 15, Section (k): "No foot of the first three feet of the front row forwards of each team, on the side on which the ball is being put in, shall be raised or advanced beyond the line of feet of the front row forwards until the ball has passed that foot."

It moves, does it not, to a Teutonic rhythm, and with a Teutonic incomprehensibility. Either you tumble to it in a flash of inspiration, when you see that it turns upon the last seven words, or you are for ever befogged. And, being befogged, proceed to Section (g), sub-section (3) where you read that the ball is not fairly in the scrummage "until it has passed one foot of a front row player of each team."

Very well. That last section is clear enough, surely. When the ball is fairly in, you think, it may be fairly hooked, but not a bit of it. You then have to return to the subtleties of the first three feet, until the front row of a scrummage begins to look like the waving extremities of an energetic beauty chorus.

WHY bother with it, anyway? Because we are told, on excellent authority, that Oxford have been leaving their hooking to the outside man, who has used his inside foot. Very confusing, and I have an irate letter from an uncommonly acute Scottish critic which tells me that no outside man could possibly hook. Well, I wish that were true. It would simplify matters. Unfortunately, if the outside man crosses his inside leg behind his outside leg, and the ball is put in slowly, he will still have time to swing his inside leg and hook the ball legally after it has passed his outside leg, and so defeat the spirit of the law.

I am sorry to be so complex, but unless you care to work it out, you must take my word for it that this is true. Quite possibly the Oxford hooker did not indulge in these gymnastics, but the point is that the present scrummage laws, with all their complications, are not impregnable. And the referee's lot is not a happy one.

What I would like to suggest is that the time has come for drastic simplification. Why not state plainly that "the ball may only be hooked by the further foot of the middle man, though the ball may be followed in by the outside man when it has passed his outside foot?" This is clear enough, and it embodies the principle aimed at in the present laws. Put it like that, and leave the rest to the good sense of the players, and I believe our troubles would be at an end.

ENOUGH of this, though. It is an irritating subject. No Rugby football question has aroused more controversy than this hooking business, and none should be more simple. If a hooker stands on one leg, shove him off it, and have done with it. No legislation can possibly produce a more effective answer than this. Here I may quote my Scottish correspondent: "The scrummage alterations," he writes, "have made no difference in Scotland. Why should they? In any case, they did not make the heeling quicker. Hooking never did that. It is shove which makes for quick, clean heeling; that and watching the ball, and I put down the improvement in Scotland in that respect to the fact that players can't always continue to ignore fundamentals."

There's soundness for you, and it is interesting to hear that Scottish scrummaging is improving. Not before an improvement was due, perhaps, but if it is considerable, Scotland will make the rest of us sit up in the international matches.

THIS reminds me of another letter, in which a keen follower of the game advises me to watch J. R. McLean, the Leicester stand-off half, as a probable England player, despite his name. McLean was born in Leicester, but if he is as good as my correspondent maintains, the Scottish Selectors will surely be after him. And this correspondent of mine has an uncanny eye for a player—he told me about Gadney and A. L. Warr, for example, long before they became prominent. We could do with McLean in England if he runs true to form.

I hear also of a young Leicester forward—N. Adams—who has the makings of a fine player, and I remember thinking the same myself when I saw him in a county match last year. But back-row forwards are ten-a-penny this winter: it is the real grafters we need above all.

IT is rather odd, by the way, how scarce good scrum-halves are just now. Blackheath, for example, have to call upon a centre-three-quarter when the invaluable F. W. Simpson is away. Richmond have not had an outstanding scrum-half since F. M. T. Bunney.

The Scottish are stranded for a scrum-half, and neither University has a player of unusual ability. Why this should be it is difficult to say. Perhaps scrum-halves have suffered so much from the attention of back-row forwards that the position has become unpopular, but more likely we are just passing through a phase, and before long the schools will send us a bumper crop.

I was surprised, incidentally, to see how slowly M. J. Turnbull, of Wales and Cardiff, passed the ball away from the scrummage in a recent match. His passes were deliberate and calculated, and admirably tough and plucky player though he is, he will have to speed up if he is to represent Wales again this season. Last year, you will remember, Wales tried first D. D. Evans, and then Bert Jones, but neither of these players, in my opinion, really made the most of C. W. Jones at stand-off half.

FINALLY, a word about referees. I have seen two particularly competent ones this season, D. J. Macmyn (Cambridge and Scotland), and D. Gwyn Francis (Oxford and Wales). It is good to find these old players carrying on with the whistle, and I hear that in Scotland G. P. S. Macpherson is making his mark as a referee. The more recruits we can have of this calibre the better it will be for the game, though let us admit that there are referees, not so distinguished as players, men like J. Hughes and J. G. Bott, of the London Society, who are extremely efficient.

I am inclined to think that the standard of refereeing is improving year by year. Certainly I very rarely see any signs of incompetence nowadays.

The Western Counties and South Wales Retriever Trials

Major J. Wormald, the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood and Lord Vivian were the three judges at Wilbury Park, Major Despencer-Robertson's place near Salisbury, where the trials were held

The Hon. Thomas Frankland and the Duke of Somerset were two of the guns at the Western Counties meeting, at Wilbury Park, which was a two-day affair

The Country is Better Than London

Some People Who Think So

Below: Miss Enid Gunther and Miss Anne Hickman were both riding in the Cotswold Hunter Trials at Southam, Cheltenham

Cotswold Competitors

A Scottish Marriage

Sir Torquil and Lady Munro photographed at Lindertis shortly before their wedding, which took place recently at a London register office. Lady Munro was Miss Moira Hunter, and is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter

Another Cotswold Couple

Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, who is with her husband, was also riding in the Cotswold Hunter Trials, which were held in aid of the local Wire Fund. Before her marriage she was Miss Pamela Brassey

Peter North

THE HON. MRS. IAN CAMPBELL

A very attractive portrait of Lord Beaverbrook's only daughter, taken by Peter North and shown in his "Significant Portraits" Exhibition, which opened a fortnight ago in Old Burlington Street

Fashions

by Jean Burnup

Winter Coat Weather

SEEMS as if the weather has been working hand in hand with the dress people this year. Autumn has lingered long and sweetly, just as if it knew that there had never been such gorgeous Autumn clothes.

But any minute now, it's going to be winter-coat weather, unless the seasons go quite mad. If you are looking for something decorative, practical, smart and hard-wearing, either of these coats would meet you. The one at the left, black smooth cloth, trimmed Persian lamb, derives from Russia, and has a high neck-line, upstanding collar, and side fastening. Please note the large attractive cuffs. The one at the right is black woollen, with a luxurious collar and half-sleeves of sable dyed squirrel. Both from Woolland's of Knightsbridge.

F. J. Gutmann

For Hunting and Hacking

Luigi Diaz, Paris

No use being casual about hunting clothes. Convention and formality are insisted on. Hacking, yes, you can unbend a little; but even here informality must be carefully designed, else your horse won't approve. The big points are: details must be correct, tailoring, of course, perfect, as in the outfits sketched here from two London specialists in riding clothes.

Right. Brown smooth cloth jacket, fawn whipcord breeches. Worn with a white silk shirt which has its matching stock. Brown riding boots, string gloves, black bowler and crop. All from Burberry's.

Extreme right. A russet-brown jacket, faintly checked, over a canary, high-necked woollen sweater. Light bedford cord breeches, brown boots, grey felt hat, string gloves, crop and mackintosh. All from Moss Bros.

On any London dance floor, any night now, you see picture-frocks adding charm to the scene. Hear them, too, rustling and swishing around, almost to beat the band. Their wearers appear to have unusual grace of movement to walk well, and to dance divinely.

This one (from Harvey Nichols) is stiff black faille, with a tight striped bodice. Posed by Pamela Ostrer, who plays Naomi in the Gaumont-British film *Jew Süss*.

For Your Shopping Diary

Debenham and Freebody — In the Small Women's Department there are evening frocks in lamé, uncrushable velvet, silver lace with velvet sash, cellophane lace and tulle. All dreams. From ten and a-half guineas. . . .

Marshall and Snelgrove — Something new in ornaments, pale green glass animals, the jungle kind . . . Wedgwood china brooches and clips set in diamanté . . . a ring with five interchangeable stones. . . .

Harvey Nichols — Cruising? You 'll need hats to meet the sun. Grand assortment here, wide-brimmed straws, trimmed with stitched taffeta and petersham ribbon, from 39s. 6d. . . . Stitched crêpe de Chine, white and pastel shades, which roll for packing without losing their figures, 39s. 6d. . . . Pastel felts the same price. . . .

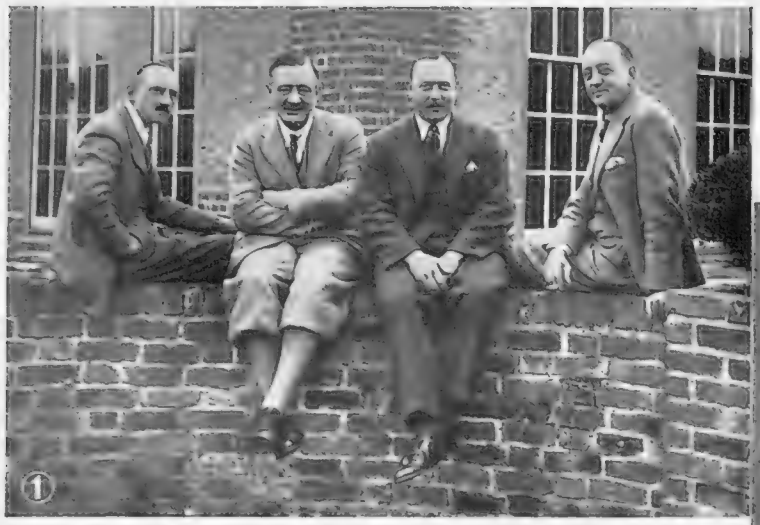
Liberty — Meriton crêpe, a pure silk, unweighted crêpe de Chine, hand-printed, in the exclusive designs and lovely colourings you associate with this house, 38 inches wide, 9s. 11d. a yard. . . . Oriel light-weight velveteen, fifty shades to choose from, 35 inches wide, 6s. 11d. a yard. . . . They will send patterns if you ask.

Swan and Edgar — Linen sale starts this week. Plenty of attractive table sets and cloths. . . . Also, down quilts. . . .

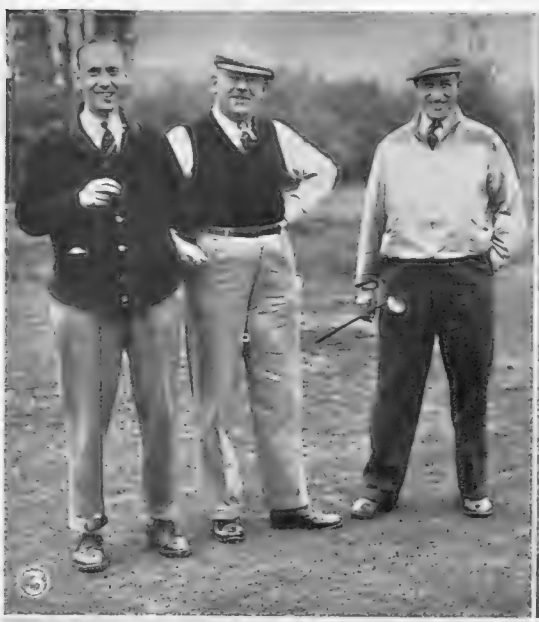
Harrods — An interesting exhibition up on the China Floor. Collection of china and glass designed by famous artists. The tea set illustrated is in Foley China, designed by Duncan Grant.

Golf Clubs at Home

Fulwell Cup and Captain's Prize at the Fulwell Golf Club



(1) L. to R.: C. W. Ellis, A. R. Wheatley (Captain-Elect), R. A. Harris (Member of House and Greens Committees) and F. J. Holmes (Finance and Golfing Committees). (2) C. P. Samson, G. A. Farror (Mayor of Twickenham), E. N. Thursfield and D. H. Roberts. (3) V. W. Fletcher (Member of House and Greens Committees), W. S. White (Member of Golfing and Greens Committees) and R. Walters. (4) Dr. H. L. Rayner, M. H. Sprague and W. J. Deasley. (5) R. Pennell (Acting Captain) and W. L. King (Secretary). (6) T. C. Bench (Finance Committee), Arthur G. Jacques and J. Neville. (7) Travor Smith, A. W. Enticknapp and A. K. Guest. (8) F. Burvill (Club Steward) and G. Oke (Club Professional)

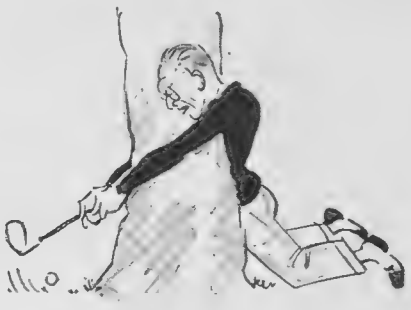


A Morning with the Branksome Challengers

The Branksome Challenge Cup (5th Year) at Parkstone : By H. H. Harris

9.45 to 10, saw I. H. Wechsler and Capt. Slingsby advancing towards the first green

The second hole being all clear, went over to the third and saw the world's greatest driver, Vernon Haydon



Then strolled up to the sixth to see Noel Layton having a spot of joy

Came across Capt. Moxon under fire at the seventh

Then staggered over to the tenth tee and found Urlwin Smith struggling with his partner's card

Some time afterwards had the pleasure of seeing Claude Harper putting back-spin on to his ball in No Man's Land

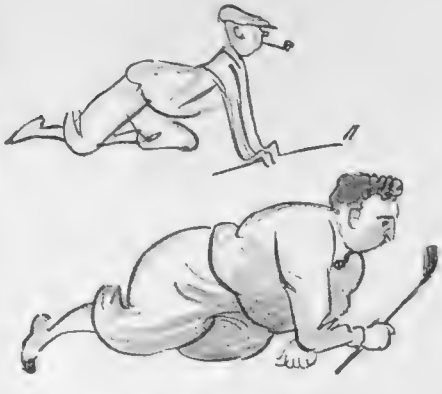
Over to the twelfth hole to see "Brum" Bermingham play with a captive ball

Looked over to the thirteenth fairway and saw H. E. Carris and his father appear

At the fourteenth saw Joshua Crane putting out with a hand scythe just to make his game more difficult

At the fifteenth hole luckily saw A. Moncrieff striking the ball

Over to the sixteenth to see A. Raworth laughing again



Back to the first hole to be in time to see Messrs. Wechsler and Slingsby just leaving

Saw "Cocky" Cockell over the eighteenth and followed him to the nineteenth

Killing Parties

Good Shoots and Good Shots In England Now

By Mirón

Left: the Duchess of Sutherland, who has her own ideas about shooting clothes. Right: the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, who owns Six-Mile Bottom, most famous of partridge shoots

Colonel the Hon. Freddie Cripps, shooting pheasants with Lord Carnarvon at Highclere, Newbury

THEY shoot to kill—in England now. And in other countries, too. In Hungary there are three-gun men, ferocious noblemen with divided beards, who, attended by two loaders each, fire from three guns with red-hot barrels, exchanged with the rapidity of a tennis star. And world records are claimed by (French) parties at Baron Maurice de Rothschild's, while Monsieur de Fels annually turns 15,000 birds into the coverts, which, I think, beats any British figure (indignant fan-mail will be forwarded). But there is only one Norfolk, with its mosaic of vast estates and woods and high stands, the finest covert-shooting country in the world. Here we find Holkham of the Leicesters, Sandringham, Wretham (Sir John Dewrance), where 10,000 birds are turned in annually in readiness for weekly parties; Rainham Hall, Elveden of the Iveaghs (pronounced "Eld'n"), and Merton, where old Lord Walsingham was the second-best shot of the Edwardians, Lord Ripon being the first and last.

But these grand and quite alarming shoots are less typical of 1934 than the countless syndicated shoots up and down the coloured counties, parties where every guest is host—the problem being to find *the* host . . .

THERE is no social difference between the partridge and the pheasant: it is only a calendar matter, because the leaves must be off before the pheasants are driven high. The glory of a great shoot is not in its bags—which no one believes, anyway—but in its "high stands."

A famous partridge shoot is that of Six-Mile Bottom, where Sir Ernest Cassel's granddaughter, Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, carries on a great tradition. Typical parties we remember there include, on various occasions, Lord and Lady Coke (he a fine shot), the Dufferins, Lord Mount Temple, Sir Felix and Lady Helen Cassel, the Eyres-Monsells, and the Inchcapes. At most houses billiards have "come in" between tea and dinner, with bridge and poker after dinner and early bed for the (very) he-men who must be off by nine-thirty next morning, though the women seldom appear before noon, when they drive out with their hostess to lunch with the guns. Afterwards, they sit meekly with their men for two or three stands, returning to change into lighter sports suits for tea.

THE shooting lunch is an engaging blend of the traditional and the comic. Usually, a keeper's lodge, rudely, humbly furnished, provides a contrast to the social figures devouring—can it be?—yes, Irish stew. Someone starts the day's sweepstake on the bag. Very old brandy comes round, and presently half Mayfair sits on the edge of a wood in the frosty afternoon sunshine while our Saxon peasantry put up the birds—as high as possible, otherwise the best shots won't come again. In the remoter, uncouth counties the beaters utter horrid, aboriginal cries, but this is not Good Form, as well-bred birds know what is expected. No need to shout at them. There may have been three or four drives before lunch, and there will be two or three after, though as we live in the latitude of Labrador, light fades early. And if it rains? You sit just the same. One royal lady sensibly disappears in a storm beneath a strange cape, the size of a tent, and fastened with a zipp, the august head appearing out of it as in those old wood-cuts of portable Turkish baths for the home.

SHOOTING ladies include the Duchess of Sutherland, who sometimes affects tweedy, manly plus-fours; Lady Brecknock, who

(Continued on page iv)

Lord Mount Temple

Sir Felix Cassel

ONLY A HEAD LIKE THIS

can guarantee you—

A BRITISH CASE, fitted with a British cap, made by a British firm for loading with their own powder and shot.

A BALANCED CARTRIDGE, the product of matched components, made and assembled by the only manufacturers in this country who have been making ammunition for over 100 years.

A COMPLETE SERVICE, not only of shotgun cartridges of any bore, any quality, any length, any load of British powder and shot at any time, but of sound advice and help from experienced men in any of your ammunition, game-shooting, game-rearing or clay-pigeon shooting problems.

Cartridges with the Eley-Kynoch marking on the base can be obtained quite easily in every part of the country. If you desire advice or information

WRITE TO:—

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD.

(SPORTING AMMUNITION DEPARTMENT), MILLBANK, LONDON, S.W.1.

Thorndon Park

Above: Thorndon Park were the winners of the "Star" tournament, as they were in 1931. Back—Miss Joy Winn, Mrs. A. B. Floyd, Miss A. B. Holmes, Mrs. Claud Howard: front—Mrs. Ormsby Cooke (captain), Mrs. Percy Garon

Worplesdon

Left: Worplesdon, the runners-up. Back—Mrs. Carr, Miss B. Newell, Miss M. Peech; front—Mrs. M. L. Clarke, Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman (captain)

Below: Camberley, beaten in the semi-finals by Worplesdon. Back—Mrs. Robertson, Miss Gibbons, Mrs. A. C. Johnston, Miss Diana Chambers, Miss Heather Palmer; front—Mrs. King (captain), Miss Molly Gourlay

The Camberley Heath Team

The "Star" Ladies' Inter-Club Tournament

Women's Golf:

Various Events

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

SUCH a week of it as this has been beats even October's usual best for news. You cannot hear all that might be wished about the South-Western Championship, since I was not at High Post, near Salisbury, but watching the fixtures nearer London. Those who were there tell me that this promises to be a fine downland course, and that it was an excellent championship. Miss Bramwell, the holder, went out in the semi-final to Mrs. Latham Hall, who is back from the Argentine and putting better than ever. Then Mrs. Hall lost the final to Miss Barbara Pyman, to whom a championship of more than county importance was overdue.

The day that started I was watching Kent's lowest handicaps. It was great fun to see Miss Wanda Morgan hitting the ball so far and seeming so care-free about it; she shortened her clubs and lengthened her shots in America, but at Sidcup she refused to run three into two from within fifty yards of the hole. Nor did Miss Dorothy Pearson, and so the scratch prize was tied for by Miss N. Moss and Miss Doxford, the former winning the tie.

At Ashford Manor, on the same day, Mrs. Guedalla showed herself still the best scorer of the county, with 75, in the Middlesex meeting, and the next day a goodly selection from all the counties forgathered at West Byfleet for the *Golf Illustrated* cup. Miss Gourlay, who had gone out in a very sane 40, went mad, in the pleasant golfing sense of the term, and came home in 33, the last eight holes only costing her 27, and, with 73, looked a comfortable leader. Miss Dorothy Pearson, though, was out in 38, and her 35 home gave her a tie with Miss Gourlay. The afternoon was a battle between these two, which Miss Gourlay, playing really fine golf, won by adding a 75 to her 73, Miss Pearson being two strokes more.

Next day Surrey were busy at Tandridge, where Mrs. R. T. Peel ended a triumphant season by winning the scratch with 78, after a tie with Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Fish taking the aggregate scratch and Mrs. Randall, of West Byfleet, the handicap.

Busier still were Thorndon Park, Worplesdon, Berkshire, and Camberley Heath at Wentworth for the quite inimitable *Star* Finals. A great final in the afternoon, which Thorndon won from Worplesdon by the odd match, their two tops doing really noble work. Mrs. Garon beat Mrs. Clarke one up after having a commanding lead and losing it, and Miss Joy Winn won at the nineteenth from Miss Newell, who had pulled her down from 4 up at the turn and again from dormy one. Miss Holmes could not cope with Miss Mary Peech, nor Mrs. Floyd with Mrs. Carr, but Mrs. Claud Howard got home on the last green from Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman, and so Thorndon won.

WE think we know something about golf round London, but there was plenty to learn at Beau Desert, Lord Anglesey's magnificent venture up on the Staffordshire moors above Rugeley, both in the way of organisation, at which Mrs. Crompton is a past-mistress, and of golf, from the "Midlands," who beat the "South" (unofficial) 14½ to 9½ on the day's play, and course. Put down Beau Desert in a more accessible spot and all the world would rave and go there to play.

In the morning's watch I chiefly saw Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. Lunt halve with Miss Gourlay and Mr. Torrance, who did not show quite the resolution in finishing that one might have expected of the Worplesdon winners. Actually, the best golf of the morning was played by Miss Enid Pears, of Girls' Championship fame, and the young artisan, Mr. Stowe, for they were out in 37, and I rather fancy that nobody did better than that all day, except Mr. Henry Longhurst, who went divinely mad in his afternoon single and was out in 33. Mr. Stowe is one of the most delightful golfers I have seen for a long time, not only because he plays golf as a game and a recreation, but because his shots are beautiful and played with the minimum of fuss or hesitation. If this golfer could give more time to the game, dear knows where he would get to Having seen the Midlands win the Mixed Foursomes six points to two in the morning, I followed Mr. Torrance and Mr. Lunt, locked in a struggle which only ended with a halved match. I suppose I ought to have torn myself away to see why Miss Wilson beat Miss Wade on the last green, or Miss Cradock-Hartopp won there from Miss Gourlay, who had been three up and five to go on her; or, in general, taken more burning interest in the South (Miss Gourlay's team) being beaten by the Midlands (Mrs. Crompton's team). But the spectacle of Mr. Torrance and Mr. Lunt pitching so beautifully against each other held me in thrall. The Midland men, too, beat the South—or General Critchley's team—by 5½ to 2, and that was fun, because the southern golfers are a bit apt to think they own the earth.

Midland golfers owe Mrs. Crompton so much for the reorganisation of their championship; both Midlands and South are in her debt for the delightful day at Beau Desert.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

MATITA MISS FELICITY SEDDON *awaits the passing of an* Autumn Shower *Noel Griggs*

in a
mood of
hesitancy

. . . . *from* EXCLUSIVE SHOPS *throughout the* WORLD . . . .

THE GODDESS OF SPORT

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

An Opening Meet in Kent

Hounds and field, including two of the bicycling brigade, moving off from Green Street Green, Kent, where the Woolwich Drag held their opening meet

The Referee and the Captain

Left: D. Gwyn Francis (Reading School), the referee, talking to B. H. Black, the Blackheath captain, during the Blackheath v. Cardiff match at the Rectory Field. The visitors were beaten 8—6

Harlequins' Captain Gets Married

Left: Percy Webster Adams, the Harlequin captain, who, in private life is an architect, and Miss Winifred Watson, his twenty-three-year-old bride, after their wedding at the Kensington Register Office

WHITHER "Soccer"? I ask the question because, in these very hectic days we are finding some queer ideas being introduced into the game. First, there stand out the experiments made by Mr. William Walker, the former Aston Villa and England forward, who now controls the destinies of Sheffield Wednesday.

Our good friend Mr. Walker—why, by the way, does a managerial post convert "Billy" Walker into the more staid Mr. William?—our good friend, Mr. Walker, I say, has an idea that "Soccer" games can be controlled from the grand-stand. On the Wednesday Club's ground at Hillsborough, he has sat overlooking the playing pitch in a little box behind one of the goals, and refereed a match.

And, forsooth, he has done it all by loud-speaker. Mr. Walker spots a foul, blows his whistle to hold up play—and then his voice goes booming out by loud-speaker to announce his decision. All very clever, this; but how impracticable it is.

Truth is, this refereeing by remote control needs four linesmen to decide vital points which the referee obviously cannot see. No, not even if he uses field glasses!

WELL, that is one idea by the very excellent Sheffield Wednesday manager. He has another: it is that there should be two referees on the field—one in each half. A friend of mine who was at Hillsborough to see this scheme put into practice, was very impressed. He told me how each referee had only about forty yards of ground to cover, and could be up with the play to decide even the most complicated of goal-mouth tangles.

The bright London newspapers did, for the most part, hail this "two-referee" system as something entirely new to football. Yet I seem to remember that, two years ago, Southport, the Northern professional side, met Cliftonville, the Irish club, in a game controlled by two officials. A full-dress try-out it was, to be sure, and one which impressed those of us fortunate enough to see it.

WHAT is behind all these experiments? Well, the fact is that, more and more, the football experts are becoming alarmed at the serious depreciation in the standard of refereeing. As the pace of the game has increased—and "Soccer" to-day would leave the old-time Corinthians gasping—referees are definitely unable to keep up with the play. And, too, as competition has become more intensive, there are some referees who are being swayed by the appeals of the crowd. This is a serious business: the Football Association must sense that, once the crowd is allowed to sway the decisions of the man in charge, then big football must, in the long run, die.

As it is, we are getting a big meeting of League referees in London this month. They are hoping to find some way of raising the standard of refereeing. Just what they will do remains to be seen; but the one thing I do hope is that

Instead of a Sunday Nap

Top: Edward Lotery, whose team took on the Jesters at squash one Sunday afternoon, with D. H. Buller, of the Jesters, by whom he was beaten. Below them are P. W. Le Gros, who was beaten by Frank Strawson, who played for the Jesters. The match was at the Tower, Highgate, the Loterys' home

they will see their way clear to make it easier for ex-footballers to become officials. The old footballer is the man for the job—favouritism, and the dreary wait for promotion to the League list of referees, must go by the board.

WRITING of "Soccer," did you notice the other day that there was a most hair-raising account of a big League club being sent some special "dope" for their players. As I can see it, this "dope" had tonic powers which kept a footballer going at breakneck speed for ninety minutes.

With a spirit of noble martyrdom, a director of the club tried the mixture. It was all it purported to be. But "dope" in sport is a nasty business—so down the sink went the whole lot. And rightly.

Yet there have been times when a spot of liquid with a kick in it has worked wonders on sportsmen. For instance, not so many years ago, Preston North End were playing Tottenham Hotspur in an F.A. Cup-tie, and Preston were very definitely losing at half-time. A strange metamorphosis came over the game after the interval, however, for Preston simply ran away with the match. A tired team had been turned into a winning combination by one flash of inspiration—a director had produced a bottle of champagne for the players. A sip or so each, and those Preston men not only felt like taking on Tottenham, but the whole of London in the bargain!

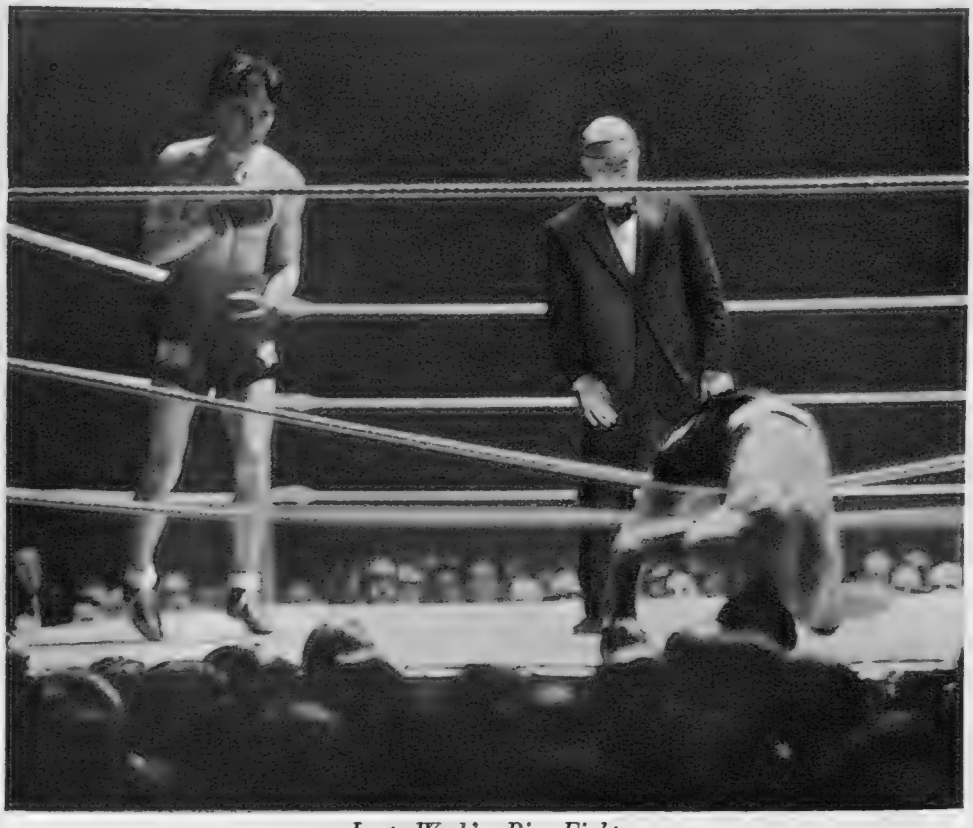
If memory serves me rightly—and I am now writing some hundreds of miles away from my reference books—Preston tried their champagne trick in their next Cup-tie. . . . It didn't work.

Again, Jack Petersen, the British heavy-weight champion, always has a bottle of champagne in his corner when he goes into a title fight. Young Petersen doesn't take a drink between rounds, however, but his seconds bathe his face and neck with the stuff when the fight is getting near its end. Mention of Petersen reminds me that we will soon be seeing the Champion in action against George Cook, the Australian, who has been battling for so many years.

Petersen, of course, should keep his title all right, for Cook has already met and lost to the brilliant young Welshman. The question to me is: how long will it take Petersen to win this time? When they met at Cardiff some months ago, Petersen was lacking in experience, and Cook, one of the cleverest ring generals in the country, took advantage of this.

The clever-scheming Cook took long rests while in the clinches. He weaved his way about the ring to regain his strength after a tough bout of punching. And, in the end, he was there, still on his feet, although Petersen was the winner.

Well, if Petersen cannot win inside the distance this time we must revise our views of his ability. But the general feeling among boxing experts is that he will secure a victory by a knock-out blow after a few rounds.



Last Week's Big Fight

A moment early in the fight for the British Light-weight Championship between Harry Mizler, the holder, and Jack ("Kid") Berg, when the latter seemed to be getting the worst of it, and fell half-through the ropes. "Kid" Berg then began making his real come-back and Mizler retired in round ten

The Inveresk Golfing Society

Some of the competitors at the recent meeting at Berkhamsted Golf Club. On the seat are J. C. Akerman, Charles Snelling, the captain of the Society, B. H. Binder, Lord Howard of Glossop, and Sir Harry Brittain

The Blackmore Vale Begin

Lord Bayford presenting to Colonel F. J. B. Wingfield-Digby, who has been Master for twenty-five years, a book containing the names of the subscribers to the presentation, which was actually a clock over the stables. This took place at the opening meet at Sherborne Castle. Mrs. Wingfield-Digby is looking on

Staghounds in Ireland

Mrs. J. E. Blackiston-Houston, the Hon. Margaret and the Hon. Helen Ward, Lady Elizabeth Scott, and Mrs. G. B. Rowan-Hamilton at the opening meet of the County Down Staghounds at Derryboy

Tally-Ho! Ho!

Some Opening Meets, And the Last of the Cub-hunting

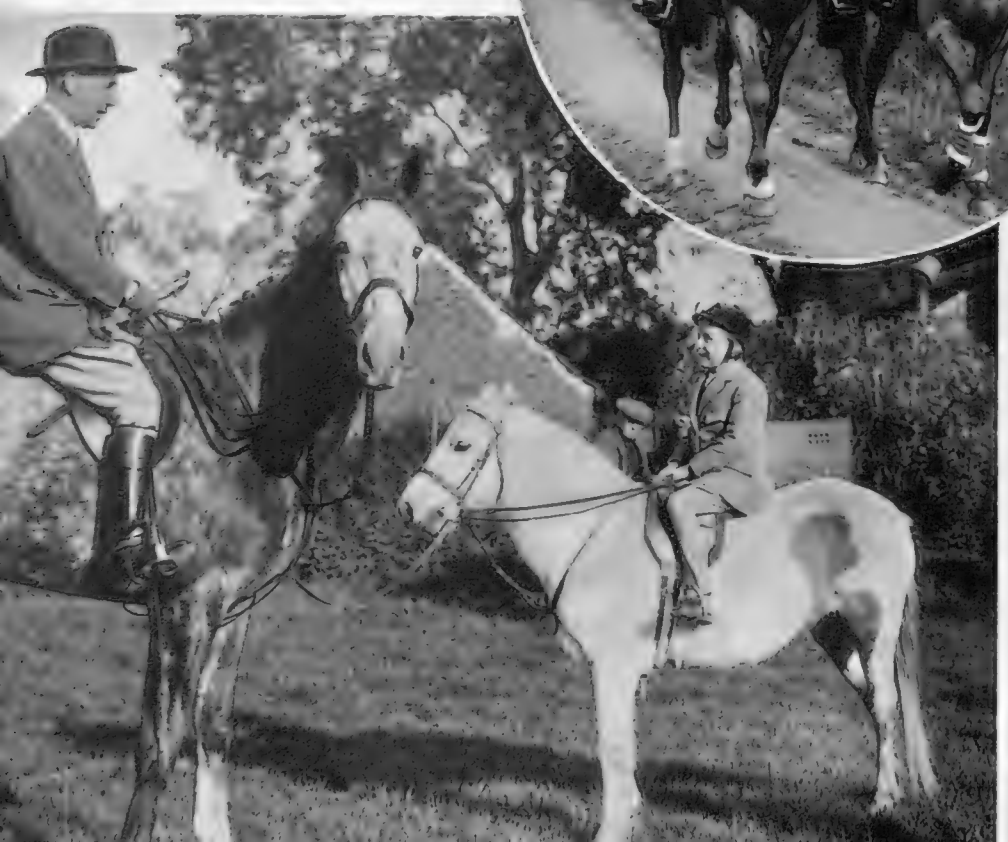
Cottesmore Cub-hunting

Left, top circle: Mrs. C. Hilton Green, wife of the Master of the Cottesmore, riding with Colonel Stanley. Lower circle: Lord Sefton and Mrs. Charles Pim moving off from the meet at Tilton-on-the-Hill

Below: Colonel the Hon. Denis Bingham, Lord Clanmorris's brother, with his seven-year-old daughter, Biddy, at a meet of the Duke of Beaufort's at Great Somerford

Swaebe

Below: Miss R. Mansfield was out with the Kildare for their opening meet at Johnstown Inn; with her is her younger sister, Elizabeth



The Team Match Season Opens

By F. G. L. Fairlie

J. E. B. Pope, who was second in the handicap event for the National Playing Fields' Cup at the Household Brigade Meeting, and I. F. Mortimer

Two cricketers play golf: Mr. W. Finlay, Secretary of the M.C.C., and his predecessor, Sir Francis Lacey, who held the post from 1898 to 1926

Waiting on the first tee at North Berwick, where the east wind hasn't yet blown all the golfers away: Lord Long of Wraxall, Mrs. Sylvester Gates, who is Mrs. Walter Elliot's sister, and Lady Long

A NEW and very pleasant golfing season is about to start—not the season of first-class events, when players are firmly trying to cut each other's throats by as big a margin as possible, but the season of team matches, when a victory is all that is wanted to count a point for your side, whether gained overwhelmingly or by the narrowest possible margin. To many this is the most enjoyable season of the whole year, for not only does it mean that players who are not qualified, say, to compete in the Amateur Championship, find the result of their own individual match at the tail of the team just as important as that of the illustrious leader, but also it means that the golf can be a little more light-hearted and that a few more chances can be taken in the nature of experimental shots.

OXFORD and Cambridge have already got going, and there are indications—although, of course, at this stage of the season it is quite useless to decide which is the more likely to win next spring—that Oxford, at least, are a very well-balanced side and will take a good deal of beating. Only last week a team which included such redoubtable players as Cyril Tolley, Raymond Oppenheimer, N. C. Selway, and the Captain of the Royal and Ancient himself, visited Oxford, representing the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, to play the annual match against the University. This match has usually been won with some comfort by Oxford, but this is probably because the Society has chosen its team more on sentimental lines than with a real view to victory, in order to give those of its members who had not seen Oxford for some little time a chance to revisit their old haunts. But this year the Society were careful to choose a team stronger than usual, and the University returned the compliment by denying them victory. True, they were too good hosts to send their visitors away defeated, but a halved match was very creditable in the circumstances.

OF individual performances that of Pennink and Duncan in the top foursome was noteworthy, for they beat Cyril Tolley and K. A. S. Morrice with some ease. In the singles, Pennink had a good victory in the top match over D. H. R. Martin, and Duncan also put up a good performance by halving his match against Cyril Tolley. Oxford gave the impression that they are likely to give a good account of themselves throughout the season, no matter how strong the opposition may be. On the same day Cambridge was suffering rather a landslide against the Berkshire club, but in their favour it should be noted that any team which can play D. S. Peploe tenth out of twelve is a very strong team indeed. I notice that Gerald Russell was playing top for the Berkshire Club, making one of his only too rare appearances in first-class golf. I am prepared to wager that Russell, had he had the opportunities which many others have had to play regularly against opponents worthy of his skill, would be considerably better known than he already is. He annihilated Neilson, of Cambridge, but he played very well indeed to do so.

THE season of matches, originally started by the enterprise of General Critchley, between the Midlands and the North and the South also got going in the same week-end, and took rather an original form. In the morning, mixed foursomes were played between the Midlands and the South, and in the afternoon singles were played between two teams of eight a-side of ladies and men. The Midlands did very well in the mixed foursomes, winning five matches against a single South success. The Midlands' male representatives also somewhat easily beat the South by four matches to one, the only victory for the South being gained by Henry Longhurst, who played very well indeed to beat A. S. Newey. In the singles there were two very fine matches, in one of which T. A. Torrance just managed to save his neck against Stanley Lunt, getting a four at the last hole to halve the match. In the other, it was the Midlands' representative who put up a fine fight in order to finish level against John Beck.

THE Midland ladies, however, did not do so well against the ladies of the South, for they could only win three matches, while they were losing five. Miss Wilson had a close match in the top game, against Miss P. Wade, and won by a single hole. Miss Cradock-Hartopp also beat Miss Molly Gourlay by one hole, but after that the ladies of the South were definitely stronger.

These mixed matches should become more popular with each one which is played, particularly when they form a sort of prelude to a mixed foursome competition. This particular match serves just that purpose for the Open Mixed Foursome Tournament at Brocton Hall. It is interesting to note how many mixed foursome open events there are springing up all over the country as the result of the tremendous success of the parent body of such an event—the Worplesdon Foursomes.

LAST week-end, also, the touring team which is representing Great Britain in Australia started its first International match at Sydney. This is the first match which has ever been played between the two countries, and at the time of writing the teams are level, with two victories apiece. Each match is over thirty-six holes, and the foursomes are presumably being played even as I write. In the singles, McLean and Garnett both had comfortable victories, but T. S. McKay beat Michael Scott by two holes up with one to play; and T. A. Bourn just lost a very close match with N. J. Ryan by one hole. It will be interesting to follow the fortunes of our representatives in Australia, for the conditions are, no doubt, very different to those our players are accustomed to in this country. However, the results will give us some indication of the quality of golf as played in Australia, especially if some Australian amateur manages to defeat Jack McLean. That will be a feat to be proud of, anyway . . . conditions or no conditions.

The Household Brigade Meeting at Worplesdon

(1) Major E. R. M. Fryer, Hon. Sec. of the Society. Captain H. Hirst, Captain Maturion-Baird, Captain H. D. Pakenham. (2) Hilton Philipson and Captain W. E. Horton. (3) Captain Pereira and R. B. Pembroke. (4) Captain A. D. Crabbe and Captain J. Milburne. (5) Lord Allerton, second in the scratch event, and Captain J. B. Hennessy. (6) A. H. Porter and J. Sanderson. (7) P. D. Miller, winner of the scratch prize with a score of 77, and Captain E. R. D. Hoare. (8) Major G. H. M. Cartwright and the Hon. A. R. G. Strutt

Have a "BOOTH'S DRY AND SPLASH" best of all drinks

BY APPOINTMENT

A "Splash" proves clearly—more than any other drink that is "wedded" to Gin—the wisdom of ordering Booth's Dry Gin. The Soda has no taste of its own, and the stronger flavour of Matured Gin "comes through" to perfection—without a hint of harshness. Matured Gin is pleasanter to the palate, better for the digestion, **safe** for the system. The pale golden colour of Booth's Dry Gin is your safeguard.

Gin & Tonic Water *is a far better drink if you ask for a*
"BOOTH'S & TONIC"

BOOTH'S
The Only Matured DRY GIN

Used by Cocktail Experts in London's leading Hotels and High Class Bars

Willing

Air Touring by Time Table

By Charles Ward

Left: personalities at Heston—l. to r., "Bats" Page (Sales Manager and Chief Pilot for Brian Lewis), E. A. White, Dan Cameron, V. H. Baker (who is Chief Instructor at the Airwork School), and Angus Irwin

Below: a new Junker for express traffic. Germany is well ahead with designs for high-speed air transport. The Ju.160 cruises at 186 miles an hour, carries six passengers in comfort, with a crew of two, mail and baggage

The Airway Gets Its Bradshaw

AFTER fourteen years of gradual development, Civil air transport has proved itself reliable, and, moreover, has demonstrated that it will become the first-class travel medium of the future. It deserves its Bradshaw, the first monthly edition of which has just been published under the title of *Bradshaw's International Air Guide*. The services quoted include all in Europe and the principal lines to Africa and Asia. Local services in Egypt, India, Australia and Africa are not yet covered, but it can be only a matter of time before every service, at any rate, in what we still call the Old World, is set out in one time-table. To take three examples at random, Egypt, India and Kenya will be within one, two and three days' journey for the ordinary traveller in less than five years' time, so that the local services, which are now feeders to the trunk routes, will themselves become important main lines. Railway Air Services announce an improved schedule on the London-Glasgow route. The liner leaves Croydon at 10.15 a.m., reaching Renfrew for Glasgow at 2.55 p.m., and in the reverse direction leaves at 8.20 a.m., arriving at Croydon at 1 p.m. Stops are made at Liverpool and Belfast, those previously made at Birmingham and Manchester being omitted. Birmingham is still without a proper civil aerodrome, and Manchester is in the throes of an enquiry as to whether the present one can be enlarged or should be abandoned for a better site.

The Race Within the Race

IT may be some time before the result of the MacRobertson Handicap Race is known. Pilots were allowed sixteen days to complete the course, and were allowed a liberal number of stopping places en route. The Miles "Hawk," one of our best light aeroplanes, was the fifth to arrive at Melbourne, with Messrs. Stodart and Stodart sixth. The latter flew an Airspeed "Courier," of the same type used by Cobham and Helmore for their refuelling experiments. The "Courier" was the first British civil 'plane to be designed with a retractable chassis and belongs to a fast family, of which the "Envoy" and the "Viceroy" are larger editions. Melrose was the seventh arrival at Melbourne and the first soloist to complete the course. Meanwhile, Cathcart Jones and Waller have made some remarkable times on their return flight to England in Bernard Rubin's "Comet," averaging more than 200 miles an hour on several of the stages. Kingsford-Smith has reached Honolulu in his Lockheed "Altair," the same machine that was entered for the Melbourne Race, but could not be got ready in time to compete. The other non-starter, the "Bellanca," has refused to swoop for any distance. One cannot help feeling that it is a mistake to attempt the Melbourne flight at this date, unless it be made in the reverse direction—across the Atlantic, the States and the Pacific.

A New Line to the Continent

B.A.N.C.O. of Heston has taken a long lease of the new airport to be opened at Shoreham, serving Brighton, Hove and Worthing. Services from London and from Portsmouth and the West will have their junction at Shoreham and a new line to the Continent is planned for next summer. Brighton is slightly to the west of the direct route between London and Paris, and the sea crossing is longer. The Isle of Wight service from Heston will continue to operate throughout the winter during week-ends. After the flurry and bustle of an airport, it is a pleasure to drop in at Brooklands, where the School and private owners have the aerodrome to themselves, except for an occasional "Hart" or "Vincent" on a test flight. Brooklands has as pleasant a situation as any flying centre in England, and there is the proverbial atmosphere of fun and games about the Clubhouse, which attracts visitors by air from all parts. The Aeronautical College is going strong, and pupils under instruction at the flying-school continue to increase.

Speed Up On British Routes

EARLY next year, Imperial Airways will put into service four air-liners which are definitely faster than anything at present in use. Although intended primarily for special charters, these 'planes may be used as auxiliaries on main routes. No general acceleration to Australia or to South Africa can be expected except by flying at night over suitable country, and this in turn depends on the provision of lighting and wireless, and on the ability of passengers to endure longer hours in the air without proper sleeping accommodation. Of the four new aircraft ordered, two are Avro monoplanes to take six passengers and a crew of two, cruising at 150 miles an hour, and two are from Boulton and Paul, which should be slightly faster. B. and P., which has recently gone to the public for capital, is an old-established concern, specialising in metal construction, and has supplied the R.A.F. with its fast twin-engined day-bombers for some years. In the commercial aircraft field the company is comparatively unknown, but its Board can be expected to adopt a forward policy, now that civil aviation looks like booming. In five years' time, the demand for commercial aircraft will be far ahead of that for military purposes.

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

"It may be of interest to you to know that my car—52-JG (twelve years old) has toured in no less than 19 countries. Last week we completed a trip into Anhwei Province and were the first Rolls-Royce to visit the city of Hweichow. Six months previous to this my brother drove from Hangchow to Nanking and back in one day (444 miles), which trip, to the best of my knowledge no car has yet done in the time. The car is running beautifully and my Chinese Chauffeur who accompanied me to your Works at Derby is as delighted with it as on the day he took delivery."—*Owner's letter July 1934*

KEEP BRITAIN BUSY · BUY A BRITISH CAR ·

British workmanship does make a difference—buy a British car

ROLLS-ROYCE LTD 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6201

Kathleen attends the Robot

BABY ROBOT STOKER

A GREAT LITTLE MACHINE

Provides your hot water and central heating. Automatically controls the temperature to any pre-selected degree. Burns the cheapest kind of industrial coal—completely smokeless in combustion. **Costs less than one penny per hour. The best heating proposition yet.**

Priced from **£49 . 10 . 0** delivered.

Let us tell you of the other Robot products, including a household Incinerator.

RILEY STOKER Co. LTD.
(A SUBSIDIARY OF INTERNATIONAL COMBUSTION LTD.)
PALACE CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER

I'm Mother's Help —Like

OXO

for

Cup or Cooking

2/35

Viscount Coke, son of the Earl of Leicester, who owns Holkham, the famous Norfolk shoot

Right: a typical pheasant stand, with bracken underfoot and a high one sailing overhead

Killing Parties (Continued from page 278)

never wears a hat but shows her latest coiffure, with a rather athletic tailor-made, and the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Warrender, both in severely classical "tailor's," with eyes shaded by their hats. Many consider Mrs. Evelyn Rich the finest woman shot. She is the only woman asked to shoot by Lord Albemarle; she shoots films at the same time, which must be a difficult feat, and is famed for her films of shoots.

But most women at these parties, which really belong to a convention of another time, are expected to sit silently behind their husbands, submissively, feudally, developing blue noses in the cold and unable even to wear bright colours or over-fancy tweeds, which might shock the sensitive birds. Some women shots, like Mrs. Murray Guthrie, even change the colouring of their tweeds, like chameleons, to blend with the landscape—what could be more sensible? They progress from a bright green when partridge-shooting in early October, through a rich brown-red to a dun and earthy brown in December.

Two magnificent shoots, to the parties at which many of us look forward at this time of year, are Newby Hall, seat of the Hon. Edward Compton, Lord Northampton's heir, and Studley Royal, belonging to his brother, Clare Vyner, who changed his name when he inherited and who married the Duke of Richmond's daughter, a great friend of the Yorks, who visit Studley every year. Newby is a lovely Adam house with famous tapestries, while the cocktail bar is in a library ceilinged by Angelica Kauffman. Of course, there are hundreds of other elegant shoots and hostesses for them, too, with Lady Rosebery at Mentmore, the Freddie Cripps, Lady Curzon, and others already mentioned as shots.

Right up to cruising-time, these parties will share with the hunting field the task of keeping social Londoners out of London for most of each week. The classic arrangement is for the guests to shoot the Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, but in these strenuous times they shoot only the Saturday and Monday. At Christmas the poor relations are asked to kill the left-overs, clean family fun known as "the second time over." The best shooting-parties are made up months in advance to get the right number of good shots and so avoid the scandal of wounded birds. They are organised by the hosts, not the hostesses, some of whom secretly dread our autumns—simple women devoted to their babies, to Bach, to golf, to anything but shooting. And they suffer from the dull talk of some of our best shots, while words cannot deal justly with their wives. So amusing "fill-ins" are asked, men whose firing may be wild, but who are good table companions. One such gun last year aimed so high he fell over backwards, quite flat. And all Norfolk laughed . . .

An English loader is all things—valet, secretary, chauffeur, and is responsible for guns and dog—unless it be the Labrador pet of his master's wife, in which case there is a painful separation on arrival at a visit, as the visiting dogs are exiled to the keeper's or the stable. It is always better to bring one's own loader, for he can be as useful as a golf "pro." in correcting one's shooting, and even, on the quiet, shoot himself. The owner of the finest shoot, the late Lord Iveagh, was such a poor shot that he was once found acting as loader while his loader shot. The King, so runs a charming Norfolk story, last year determined to stop that plague of shoots—the tip system whereby each guest is expected to tip the head-keeper from a pound up per day for 500 or more pheasants shot. His Majesty said he would reimburse his keeper, but the latter replied that this would prove expensive, "As some of your Majesty's friends tip me £5 to be placed out of sight!" . . .

The Editor's Box

First Christmas News

Nicely timed to coincide with the first really cold weather comes the first Christmas-card news. This is from Raphael Tuck, world famous for their production of the Royal cards of greeting. This year the King has chosen a view of Windsor Castle; the Queen has chosen a flower painting; and the Princess Royal a garden scene; the Prince of Wales has a picture of Queen Elizabeth giving audience to Shakespeare; and the Duke and Duchess of York have chosen a painting of two dogs which might easily prove to be the most popular of all. These cards are all, by Royal permission, being reproduced for the use of the general public.

The Scots Guards' Loan Exhibition

Next month, from December 1st to 23rd, will be held, at the Duke of Westminster's house, 39, Grosvenor Square, an Exhibition illustrative of the history of the Scots Guards. The list of patrons is headed by the names of the King, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of York. The displays are arranged in chronological order; colours, pipe banners, drums, regimental silver will be shown; portraits of past officers are included, and a comprehensive history of dress, with actual uniforms worn and arms carried, will be one of the most interesting features. The profits of the Exhibition will be devoted to assisting Guardsmen to find employment in civil life and to regimental charities.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Tuesday, November 6, 1934.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

"Darling, you're NOT an old hag! . . . I wish you wouldn't talk such rot! . . .—Go and see my woman—Marguerite Hoare . . . But darling it's NOT "painting your face" . . . But my precious IDIOT . . . Well, LISTEN . . . Here's her book.

". . . Under skilled finger tips in the Salon the skin is first thoroughly cleansed deep down where the trouble starts. Next the pores are stimulated with the Skin Tonic and finally the Skin Food sets tired muscles springing to their business of drawing the skin smoothly in to position after a smile or frown . . ."

M.H. Cleansing Lotion—a searching, insistent cleanser - - - - - **6/6 - 10/6**
M.H. Astringent Lotion—tightens enlarged pores and braces tired muscles **6/6 - 10/6**
M.H. Creme Verte—the perfect protective and foundation cream - **4/6 - 6/6 - 10/6**

MARGUERITE HOARE

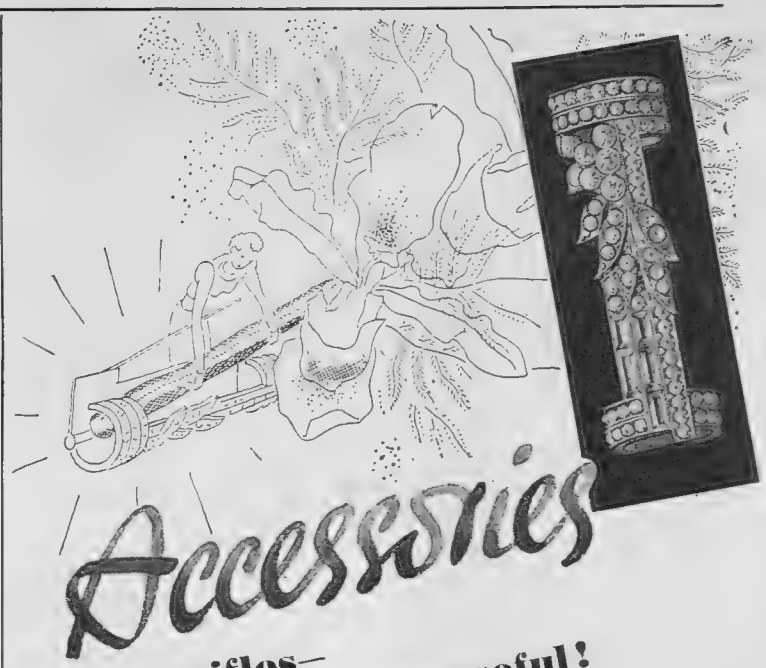
The Guardian of Loveliness

Ring Mayfair 5876 for an appointment or write for the

THREE-DAY HOME TREATMENT 3/-

(State whether the skin is dry or shiny).

15 BRUTON STREET, LONDON, W.1



Accessories

Gay trifles— but how useful!

Amusing, yes, but intensely practical, like all the gay accessories to be found in Harrods Fancy Jewellery Section on the Ground Floor

● (above) This gem-set flower holder was designed by Hertz. It conceals the stems and fastens flowers securely to your gown—and the neat brooch will not damage the filmiest of fabrics. Diamond-set Rhinestones with baguettes 42/-

● (below) Black Briar wood for the newest accessories—it's the most practical of materials. A wafer-thin, feathery-light Vanity with sifter and puff 49/6

A Cigarette Case to match with a Silver clasp, 90/-

Harrods

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

HOW to DRESS WELL

ON SMALL PAYMENTS THAT PASS UNNOTICED IN YOUR MONTHLY EXPENDITURE

OPEN a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR, the Largest High Class Extended Credit House In Great Britain—the only firm with whom even non-householders can open an account without any references or deposit whatever.

VISIT our magnificent showrooms for WINTER COATS, GOWNS, KNITTED-WEAR, CHILDREN'S OUTFITS, FURS, FUR COATS, MILLINERY, SHOES, UNDERWEAR.

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO CALL, our specially trained Staff in the Mail-Order Department guarantee to fit you to perfection by post.

"JESSIE." Charming Winter Coat in reliable wool knobbly material. Collar of Ring Tailed Opossum. Lined Celanese. Colours: Dark Navy, Brown, Black and all newest shades. Sizes: SW., W., WX. & OS. **Price 7½ gns.** 20/- Monthly

WRITE today for beautifully Illustrated Winter CATALOGUE of Ladies Latest Fashions, sent post free. ADDRESS IN FULL TO DEPT. M.22.

Write for Beautifully illustrated FUR Catalogue

Smartwear LTD.

263-271, REGENT STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1.

Phone: Mayfair 6241-2-3-4-5-6.

● Brighton: 40-42, West St. ● Birmingham: 94, Corporation St.
● Nottingham: 20, Milton St. ● Belfast: 10, Donegall Place.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

AS YOU DESIRE ME.—An interesting performance by Jean Forbes-Robertson in Pirandello's play, with Peter Godfrey, Clifford Bartlett, Kynaston Reeves: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife, in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Malcolm Keen, Austin Trevor, and Doris Lytton: Aldwych, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, with a good trial scene before the Medical Council; George Relph as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVER'S LEAP.—A gay and pleasant entertainment, with Owen Nares as a husband, Nora Swinburne as his wife, and Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd as a half-hearted courting couple: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MIRACLE AT VERDUN.—A revival of this well-worth-seeing play: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MOONLIGHT IS SILVER.—Gertrude Lawrence gay and graceful as the wife, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as her jealous husband, Barry Jones excellent as her supposed lover, in Clemence Dane's drawing-room comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—Old Vic, 8.0 (except Tuesday). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROYAL BAGGAGE.—H. T. Wood's play about Charles II. as statesman and patron of the Arts; Harold Warrender as the King, Elizabeth Maude as Nell Gwyn, Dorothy Black as Lady Castlemaine: Little.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's play, with Diana Wynyard, Hartley Power, Kathleen Wilson, Frank Allenby; Wyndham's, 8.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Laurence Olivier dashing as a screen lover; the theme is grease paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.—An all-black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm, and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg-Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

BY APPOINTMENT.—A light operetta about George IV. (Charles Mayhew); Maggie Teyte makes a come-back as Mrs. Fitzherbert: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—June, John Tilley, and Douglas Byng all at their best in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LUCKY BREAK.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere—see Telephone Directory

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUEDEVILLE No. 50.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, and Edna Thompson, Morgan Davies, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

SPORTING LOVE.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

C.I.D.—A crime-play by a vicar, with Olga Lindo, Leon M. Lion, and Peter Haddon to disentangle the ingenious plot: Playhouse, 8.40. Sat, 2.40.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LINE ENGAGED.—A crime play with good acting, suspense, pace, but a flaw in the plot; Louise Hampton, Jessica Tandy, Sam Livesey, Lewis Casson, Wallace Geoffrey are in the excellent cast: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

QUEER CARGO.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Bernard Lee is the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for nearly two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

THE WISE WOMAN.—A new play by Lesley Storm, with Mary Clare as a fashionable clairvoyant; Hugh Wright as her husband; Ena Moon as her daughter: Criterion, November 7th.

CINEMAS

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK.—Ronald Colman, débonair as ever, and Loretta Young: London Pavilion.

THE CAMELS ARE COMING.—Jack Hulbert's new film, where he gets loose in Egypt; Anna Lee is the girl: New Gallery.

CARAVAN.—Erik Charell's gypsy musical piece, with Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, Phillip Holmes, and Jean Parker: Curzon.

THE CAT'S PAW.—The latest fantasia of another of the world's king funny-men—Harold Lloyd: Capitol.

CHAINED.—Joan Crawford is chained by love to Clark Gable, by marriage to Otto Kruger, and this is the result: Empire.

LE DERNIER MILLIARDAIRE.—René Clair's new masterpiece, as gay as and more satirical than ever: Academy.

DOCTOR MONICA.—A Kay Francis film, and FOG OVER 'FRISCO: Regal.

NO GREATER GLORY.—A parable of war, played by schoolboys in their games and battles, with George Breakston as the undaunted hero and victim; an exceptionally interesting film: Leicester Square Theatre.

JEW SÜSS.—A great film, superbly acted; Conrad Veidt as the Jew, Gerald du Maurier, Cedric Hardwicke, Frank Vosper, Benita Hume: Tivoli.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE.—Another and excellent singing love-tale, with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot, and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.—An English version of the famous Continental film: Marble Arch Pavilion.

WILD CARGO.—Frank Buck, capturer of wild animals for "Zoos," has a picture made of his jungle work: Plaza.

OPERA AND BALLET

AT SADLER'S WELLS.—

GISELLE and JOB: to-night, 8.30.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI: November 7th, 8.

CARMEN: November 8, 8.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE: November 9, 8.

FAUST, with full ballet: November 10th, 2.30.

THE SNOW MAIDEN: November 10th, 7.45.

AGNES DE MILLE.—Second dance recital: Mercury, November 7th.

MUSIC

Orchestral

R.P.S.—Beecham conducts a Delius Memorial Concert, with the London Select Choir, and William Parsons as soloist: Queen's Hall, November 8th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERTS.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O. in Brahms' Symphony No. 2, Dvorak's Serenade for Strings, and Elgar's "Enigma" Variations: Queen's Hall, November 11th, 3.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Malcolm Sargent conducts the L.P.O.; the programme includes Handel's Water Music, William Walton's Symphony No. 1, and Schumann's Concerto in A minor (Edwin Fischer): Queen's Hall, November 12th and 13th, 8.15.

Recitals

LILY PONS.—The Metropolitan Opera coloratura soprano: Albert Hall, November 6th, 8.15.

MISCHA ELMAN AND HAROLD BAUER.—César Franck's Sonata, Brahms and Beethoven: Queen's Hall, November 6th, 8.15.

FLORENCE HOOTON.—'Cello recital, with Dorothy Manley: Wigmore Hall, November 6th, 8.30.

MILSTEIN.—First appearance in England: Queen's Hall, November 7th, 8.15.

GIGLI: Albert Hall, November 9th, 8.15.

SMETERLIN: Wigmore Hall, November 9th, 8.30.

ROCK FERRIS.—The American pianist's second London recital: Æolian Hall, November 9, 8.30.

SCHNABEL.—Fourth Mozart-Schubert-Schumann recital: Queen's Hall, November 10th, 3.

BACKHAUS.—National Sunday League Concert: Palladium, November 11th, 3.15.

SPIRIDOVITCH.—This contralto makes her first London appearance: Æolian Hall, November 12th, 8.15.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

"SUNDAY TIMES" BOOK EXHIBITION: Grosvenor House, from November 8th.

ARMISTICE EXHIBITION.—And sale of goods made by war-disabled men: Imperial Institute, South Kensington, November 8th-22nd.

NATIONAL CHRYSANTHEMUM SOCIETY: Horticultural Hall, November 8th-9th.

METROPOLITAN AND ESSEX CANINE SOCIETY.—Championship Show: Crystal Palace, November 8th.

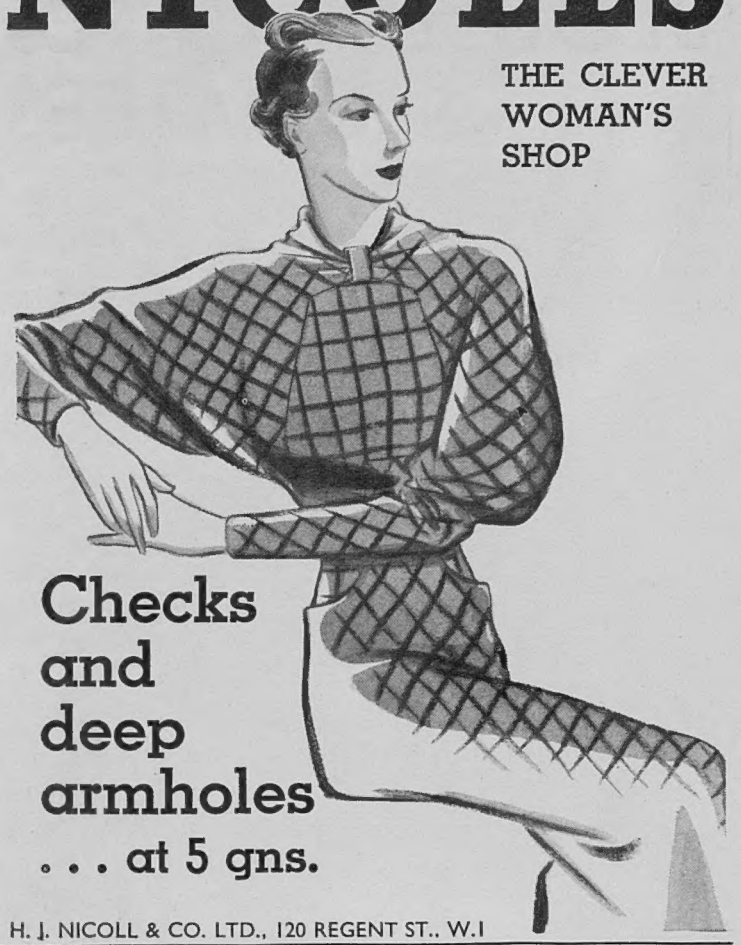
ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: At 5a, Pall Mall East.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF OIL PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries.

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

NICOLLS

THE CLEVER WOMAN'S SHOP



Checks and deep armholes . . . at 5 gns.

H. J. NICOLL & CO. LTD., 120 REGENT ST., W.1

The charm of

Lovely Hair . . .

Beauty is often lost when hair begins to thin before its time; yet it is easy to recapture the charm of the lovely, lustrous hair which once you possessed. Our transformations and toupets of pure natural hair can never be distinguished from your own . . . they fit you exactly . . . catching the very shade and gleam of your hair . . . light as a feather. Write for our Brochure (B), or call at our West End Salon and interview our Manageress. Strictest confidence, prompt delivery and guaranteed satisfaction.

Transformations, from £2 10 9 to £6 6 0; Woodville Transformations, from £3 3 0 to £6 6 0; Switches of pure Human Hair, from 5/9 (16 ins.) to 37/9 (28 ins.); Chignons and Swathes, from 10/9.

The Manageress:

UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.

80/84, FOXBERRY RD., BROCKLEY, S.E.

West End Salon:

Mappin House, 156/162, Oxford Street, W.1

'Phone: Museum 3128.

PARIS FURS AT 10% LESS

—AND BY INSTALMENTS.

Here is your opportunity to have the most exquisite Paris Furs — at once—for the first instalment of a few shillings! No need now to deny yourself the finest furs—which our 10% reduction and instalments bring within the reach of the most modest purse.

22/1 MONTHLY

secures this exquisite coat in lovely Seal Coney, made on the latest lines from specially selected Chapal dyed skins.

CASH PRICE 12 Gns.

CATALOGUE *of the latest ideas in furs and ties, beautifully illustrated, post free on request.*

PARIS FURS LTD

497, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W. 1.

First Floor, entrance in Park St., a few minutes from Marble Arch.

Alex Lord designs the perfect ensemble for Golf

Suede knickers sound bulky—but they are NOT. Beautifully tailored, very flat, they are the only real protection against cold winds For golf and country wear, this olive suede suite with suede knickers to match is perfect.

LEATHERCRAFT

42, Berkeley Street, W.1. Mayfair 2673.

EUROPEAN PREMIERE OF

CARAVAN

(Cert. U)

directed by

ERIK CHARELL

(of 'White Horse Inn' fame)

Loretta Young,
Charles Boyer
and a cast of
3,000.

Romance . . . Revelry
Music

CURZON

CURZON STREET
GRO. 4100

All Piccadilly buses stop at Down Street

2.45 p.m. LAST HOUSE 9.30 p.m.

PRICES

2/6, 3/6, 5/0 and 8/6.

See the new . . .

BLOUSES, CAPES & COATEES

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S have the loveliest collection of new evening capes, blouses and coatees —A visit 'just to see' will be time well spent. If you cannot call, selections will gladly be sent on approval.

Velvet Cape of new design, lined silk, adaptable to any figure. Stocked in Black only. Colours to order. Priced at 39/6

Extremely becoming Evening Coatee in Gold and Silver Lamé lined silk priced at 49/6

Marshall & Snelgrove

Tel. Mayfair 6600 Debenhams Ltd

VERE ST. & OXFORD ST. LONDON.W.1.

SECRET OF

Lovely Hands

Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor's Discovery

"I HAVE discovered a perfectly wonderful lotion for keeping the hands soft and white and free from all roughness even during the severest weather," writes Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, the well-known film actress. "It is called VELDEW and the astonishing thing is that though it only takes up two minutes of one's time each day it produces a really remarkable result. Anyone whose hands get 'roughish' during the Winter months should certainly try this splendid preparation."

Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor Photo. by Walter Bird.

A toilet flask of Veldew, which will last you weeks, is priced at only 2/-, but in use is equal if not more effective than lotion costing several times as much. Most good quality chemists sell Veldew and you can obtain a dainty trial flask at 1/3.

Societies' Favourite Sweetmeat

A·G·ELVAS Plums

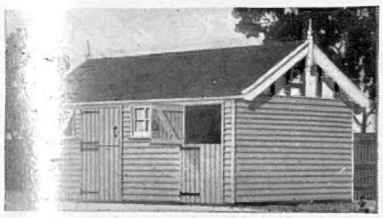
Are better than sweets, free from acidity and fattening sugar

INSIST ON A. G. ELVAS FOR QUALITY

O PERMANENT VALUE

Br e & Lilly stabling lasts for a life e because with it you are sure of so inward construction as well as outwa ood appearance. Every Browne & Li uilding proves that *real* quality sa money.

L SE BOXES from £14 : 19 : 0



WR E FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CA LOGUE B.Y. *showing Bungalows, Club Hous Pavilions, etc., also Garages, Greenhouses, Sheds nd Portable Buildings of all kinds. Or Visi r permanent Show Grounds.*

BR OWNE & LILLY, LTD. T AMES SIDE, READING.

'Ph Reading 4489, *'Grams:* Portable, Reading.

E TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! creased my own height to 6' 3½" OSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (*P.O Box 15.*)

Mothersills

SEASICK REMEDY

Guarantees Travel Comfort

INTIMATE AND BOHEMIAN

LUNCH AND DINNER AND SUPPER AT THE

THEATRE RESTAURANT

OPPOSITE THE TIVOLI ● ADJOINING THE VAUDEVILLE

Londons newest rendezvous before and after the Cinema and Theatre

See the new Show, "Lovers' Leap," at the Vaudeville, then supper here afterwards. Aux choix or table d'hote, fully licensed.

Opposite Tivoli

Meet RICCI, THE MAITRE d'HOTEL (Late Savoy)

● TEMPLE BAR 2205 ● 405 STRAND, W.C.2

Brings Life and Beauty to the Hair . . . .

Every morning rub just a little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL well into the scalp: this will ensure that luxuriant, lustrous hair of which you will be so proud and your friends so envious. It does not make the hair sticky.

Send for free booklet about the hair.

FAMOUS FOR 140 YEARS

Rowland's Macassar Oil

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/· and 10/6

A. Rowland & Sons, Ltd., 22, Laystall Street, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1

LITTLEHAMPTON

SUSSEX BY THE SEA

PERFECT mild winter climate in unique sheltered spot below the Downs. Splendid sunshine records, and recommended by doctors as ideal winter seaside resort. All sports, including golf. Lowest winter terms. *Write for Brochure No. 43, Council Offices.*

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

Famous since 1885

RENDELLS

OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

PASTILLE WEATHER *with a vengeance!*

Prevent Bad Throats by sucking a Pastille!

Raw wintry winds with an icy edge to them, driving rain, and thick choking fogs—these are the things that endanger your throat. That's the time, too, when an 'Allenburys' Pastille helps you face the elements without a fear for your throat. *Try a tin to-day*—they've a wonderfully pleasant flavour!

Take care of your Throat —take

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

From all chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins. 8d. & 1/3.

RUBINAT LLORACH

NATURAL APERIENT MINERAL WATER

Prescribed in cases of Gallstones, Liver Disease, and threatened Appendicitis, Constipation associated with Gout, Hepatic Dyspepsia, Gastric Fever, and generally in Abdominal Obstruction.

Dose : - Wineglassful fasting; can be increased according to temperament.

NO GASTRIC IRRITATION, NO ALTERATION IN DIET REQUIRED

Sole Agents: Ingram & Royle Ltd, LONDON, S.E.1. *and of all Chemists.*

For Sound sleep

Benger nights are restful nights.

BENGER'S Food

THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Revised from January 1, 1935.)

Published Weekly at 1/-.	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras.	Three Months, No Extras.
INLAND	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 11s. 6d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 5d.
CANADA	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 6d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 6d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 5s. 0d.	£1 13s. 8d.	£1 11s. 4d.	15s. 9d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of *The Bystander,* 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander *weekly for .....months commencing with the issue of.....for which I enclose.....*

Name .....

Address .....

*Date.....*1934.

TO ALL SPORTSMEN
AND SPORTSWOMEN

Whether you are fortunate enough to enjoy your sport on most days of the week, or must "sandwich" it in between business activity, you would undoubtedly enjoy the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC.

The year round the Editorial columns—and magnificent pictures culled from every field of sporting activity—are filled with the writings of regular and special contributors whose observations and opinions are accepted as authentic as well as informative.

To make any attempt at describing the entertainment which you must enjoy from reading the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC would be extremely difficult. We therefore content ourselves by suggesting that you order it from your regular newsagent this week or get it at the bookstall on your way home. But we also invite you to read the sporting offer below. If you take advantage of it—as you should—we believe you will want to enjoy the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC every week; and of course, this is a paper you can pass on to friends living near to your home, and overseas.

Contributors to the SPORTING & DRAMATIC include:

DOGS	*A. Croxton Smith. Leslie Sprake (Gundogs). Colonel Hubert Wilson (Hound Breeding).*
ANGLING	*Major Kenneth Dawson. Major J. W. Seigne Dr. J. C. Mottram. "West Country." Guy C. Pollock. P. D. Malloch.*
BIG GAME	*Sir Alfred Pease, Bart. Brig. Gen. R. G. Burton*
BLOODSTOCK BREEDING	*Cecil Leveson Gower.*
COUNTRY HOUSE	*Sir Edward Anson, Bart.*
FIELD TRIALS	*Colonel Hubert Wilson.*
GOLF	*"A Rowing Player." Miss Eleanor E. Helme. Lt. Colonel Cyril Foley.*
NATURAL HISTORY	*H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S H. Morrey Salmon. The Marquess of Tavistock. Ian M. Thompson. Captain H. A. Gilbert. Major Anthony Buxton.*
HUNTING	*Sir Charles Frederick, Bart. Lord Willoughby de Broke, M.F.H. Sir Alfred Pease, Bart. Major J. Fairfax-Blakeborough D. Livingstone-Learmonth. and the special corps of hunting correspondents.*
RACING	*"Rapier." Major J. Fairfax-Blakeborough.*
ROWING	*Steve Fairbairn.*
RUGBY	*Captain H. B. T. Wakelam. E. W. Swanton (Public Schools).*
SHOOTING	*Major George Cornwallis West. Patrick Chalmers. Captain J. B. Drought. Richard Clapham. Lt. Colonel Cyril Foley. Leslie Sprake. Edgar Page. Hon. R. P. de Grey. D. J. W. Edwardes. J. C. M. Nichols.*
HOME FARMING	*Hon. James Best. T. B. Goucher.*

Kennel Club RETRIEVER TRIALS. DOGS of the DAY. BLOODHOUND Trials. Strange Sport in Strange Places—No. 7. SNIPE—a fine art. The Supreme GOLFER. "Highwayman" on MOTORING. Hunting in Dorset—drawings by LIONEL EDWARDS. Great Schools in Sport—No. 9: TONBRIDGE. The £1,000 PONY RACE at Northolt. HUNTING in Ireland. "RAPIER" on RACING. The No-Foul Problem in BOXING.

A "SPORTING" OFFER YOU SHOULD TAKE

If you are not a regular reader and would care to write to The Publisher, SPORTING AND DRAMATIC, at the address below, giving him the name and address of your usual newsagent, he will gladly arrange for a copy of a current issue to be delivered to your home free of all charge.

Please address your letter to:

The Publisher, SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.